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**CORBIN'S
ADVICE**

**FOR THE
WOLF
HUNTER'S
GUIDE**

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CORBIN'S ADVICE

OR

The Wolf Hunter's Guide

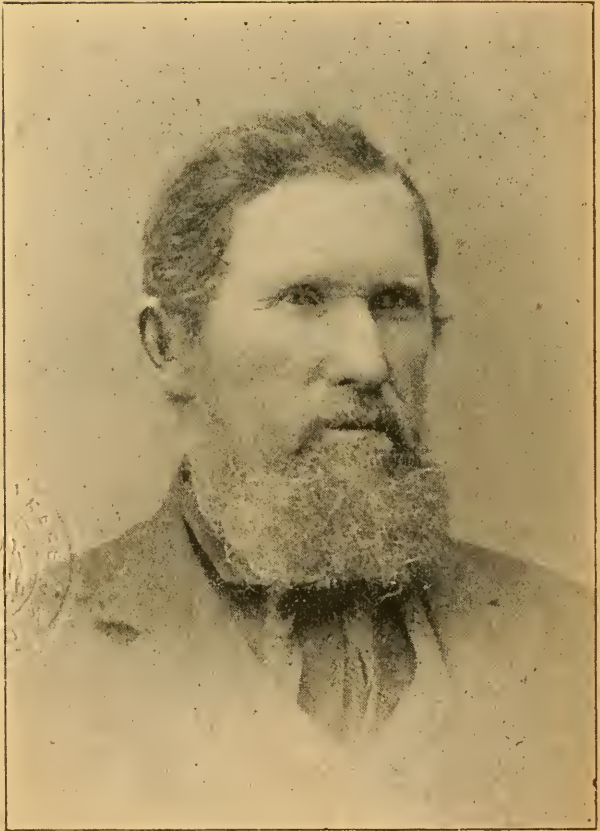
*Tells How to Catch 'Em and
All About the Science of Wolf Hunting*

BY BEN. CORBIN

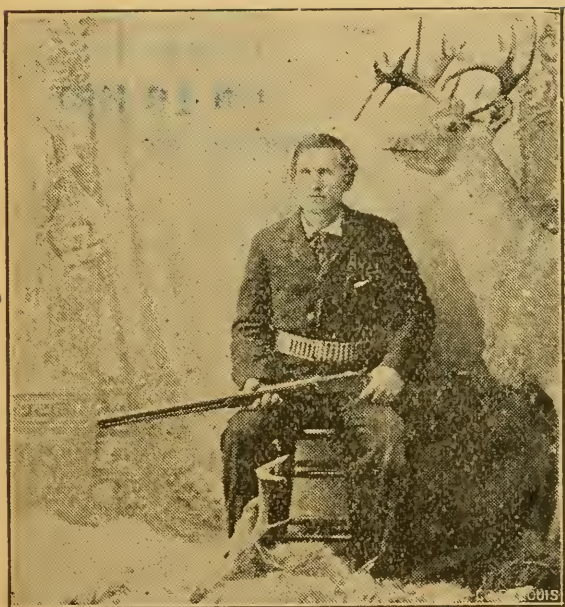
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THE AUTHOR



THE AUTHOR IN HIS EARLY DAYS

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PREFACE

Benjamin Corbin, the Boss Wolf Hunter; His Life and Adventures.

A plain blunt man of little learning, except that education received in the war for the union, as common soldier, and in communion with nature in her fields and forests, and along her streams of sparkling water, or in her mountains and valleys, and over her snows and ice, or under her blistering suns, and in the presence of her wildest living creatures, men and animals, I venture now to put my life on paper, as I have often put it on the cast of a die through sights of a rifle before savage man and savage beast.

It will not be a literary performance.

I have always loved nature and stuck close to her, and I will try to do it in this book.

If I have read my Bible correctly, Abraham was one of the first shepherds. In Genesis we read that he was rich in cattle, in silver and in gold—something like the ranchmen and stockmen of North Dakota. Indeed the pastoral life preceded every other profession. The Patriarchs were all shepherds. Every prayer to the Lord was accompanied by a sacrifice from the flocks and herds. When Abraham dug a well, and there was a dispute about it, he settled the whole thing with seven ewe lambs, and called the place An Oath. Those shepherds wandered from place to place wherever there was the best pasture, just as we do in Dakota, any more than the land of Canaan was nothing to be compared with Dakota for grazing. When Jacob went a courting, he hadn't a thing but a shepherd's crook, but before he returned he had two wives, and flocks and herds beyond computation. Even in later times a young fellow, who was out tending a flock, was called to be King of Israel, about the only good king we ever had—that was David. He was keeping sheep that very day. He had guarded the flocks from the ravages of bear and wolf and lion, and slain them with his own hands, and yet he made a good

soldier, a peerless king, and the greatest poet that ever lived. Later on, we should never forget that the Star of Bethlehem was first seen by the shepherds, tending their flocks by night. Virgil first sang the praise of shepherd life in his *bucolics*, before he sang the praise of the arms and the man. All sacred and classic history is replete with descriptions of Pastoral Life. All the world knows that astronomy was first made a science by the shepherds, watching the moving grandeurs of the skies.

In the New Testament, the parable of the Good Shepherd shines like a star. If Jesus did not disdain to call himself the Good Shepherd, why should any man in Dakota not be proud to be called by that name, or to be associated as I am, with the men who are feeding their flocks on the rich and abundant pastures of this great commonwealth? Largely, my life has been spent in protecting these flocks against the incursions of ravenous beasts of prey. I know it is but a step and the first step, which counts in the march of civilization. God made the country, but man made the town—and some of these towns are pretty tough, like most of men's work. I can not believe that Providence intended that these rich lands, broad, well watered, fertile and waving with abundant pasturage, close by mountains and valleys, filled with gold, and every metal and mineral, should be forever monopolized by wild beasts and savage men. I believe something in the survival of the fittest, and hence I have "fit" for it all my life. Civilization is a fine thing, and it may spread itself like a green bay tree in the cities, and lordly mansions of the millionaires, with all their silks and broadcloths, but it has to have plenty of beef and pork and mutton—yes, yes, and wool too, and plenty of it. But my lord and lady would go bare-footed, and that would be bad form, and naked, and that would be worse, and empty, and that would be awful, if somebody, somewhere and somehow, would not send them leather, and wool and beef and mutton. But the herds and flocks must be raised and protected here for my lord and lady, if it takes the last man and the last dollar. The wolf don't like them, and I trust the wolf will never come near their doors, or that any of them will turn out "wolves in sheep clothing," but if he comes near mine I will take him in, and it will be the saddest day of his life. That's why I am here. The wolf is the enemy of civilization, and I want to exterminate him. If he eats up the flocks, where are your

wool and mutton to come from, and what's the use of a tariff on wool, and free trade in wolves? I would place the duty higher on both.

But I forget—this is not the book—this is but the preface to my book, and I must cut the thing short as I would the whole wolf population of the west, if I could, and I guess I can, and before you read this book half through you shall know that I can better than any man that ever walked the earth. That is pretty big talk, but I have the record, as a wolf-exterminator, and no man will dispute it. I hope to interest you in this book, and in the lives of those gentle and harmless creatures here, who furnish your abundant wardrobes, and cuisine, and labor, with all the comforts and luxuries of fashion and necessity, far away from here in your homes of wealth and pride. I hope you will not only buy the book, but pay for it, and not lend or borrow it—and I know you would not steal it—and then read it and learn something of what it costs to ward away the wolves, which would destroy the flocks.

THE AUTHOR.

CHAPTER I.

BRIEF SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR. NECESSITY OF PROTECTING THE GREAT STOCK INTERESTS OF THE STATE.

Perhaps no name is more familiar to the stockmen and wool growers of North Dakota than that of honest old Ben Corbin, the champion wolf hunter of the northwest. Mr. Corbin is no novice in the business of hunting, trapping and shooting the enemies of the flocks and herds. As the saying is, he served his time and learned his trade by hard work and many years experience.

Born in Virginia on April 26, 1835, he is now 65 years of age; but his eye is not yet so dimmed or his physical force so abated that he cannot bring down with his trusty Winchester rifle a deer or wolf that is 100 or 200 yards off as well as he could twenty years ago. When a boy of 16 he removed with his father's family to Coschocton county, Ohio, then quite a new country, and regarded as being far away in the west from the Old Dominion. It was really a bigger trip then than a voyage to Europe or a railroad ride across the continent would be now, and Ohio has shifted from the west until it is now regarded as being pretty far in the east, if we look at it from the sunset land of the Rockies and the Cascades. After a stop of four years in Ohio, Ben shifted his residence to Wayne county, Iowa, where he hunted and trapped until the civil war broke out, when he enlisted in Company "F," 34th Iowa infantry. He was a gallant soldier for three years, and when the war closed he was honorably discharged, returning to his old home in Iowa and resuming his former occupation of hunter and trapper. At that time northwestern Iowa was being rapidly settled, and was filling up with flocks and herds, for sheep, wool and live stock generally commanded splendid prices. Free trade had not yet got in its deadly work on the American market, and in those days—the golden age of the farmer—the wool growers and stock raisers were making money. Protected industry made good times everywhere and in every line of business, and Mr. Corbin was making hay while the sun was shining. Then, as now, he believed in high protection, and, the country being full of wolves, he devoted his time and energies to their destruction. Iowa at that time was paying a bounty for every wolf destroyed, and soon, figuratively speaking, Corbin had eighty wolf scalps hanging to his belt, captured in the counties of Lyon, Sioux,

Woodbury and Monon. It paid the flockmasters and the people to give this bounty, for otherwise, their flocks and herds would have been at the mercy of the wolves, which abounded in that region.

In the year 1883 our champion wolf-scalper, moved by the same spirit of immigration which carried brigades and divisions of the union veterans farther west, picked up his rifle and his traps and removed to Stark county, in the then vast and wild territory of Dakota. Here he and his son Peter—since deceased—in one season killed 132 deer and antelope and 45 beaver. They found ample scope and opportunity for the development of their skill as professional and expert hunters; and the business was quite remunerative, too, for the deer and antelope brought them from \$3 to \$13 per head and the beaver about \$6 per pelt.

For the past fifteen years our old hero has mainly plied his occupation in the county in which he now resides—Emmons, North Dakota. This part of the great northwest is remarkably well adapted to grazing, and abounds in sheep and other live stock. Indeed, North Dakota is a veritable paradise for sheep. Number in 1899, 265,942; number of wolves in 1899, 343,000—females 171,500; increase, 857,500; total 1,200,400.

With grass, grain and water abundant, and an atmosphere and climate remarkably well adapted to the success of these industries, and with grain unprofitably low all over the world, the raising of cattle and sheep is the main dependence. The flockmasters of North Dakota and of the northwest generally are about to witness the dawning of a brighter day, and are carefully watching their flocks and herds, with the confident hope and expectation that a protective tariff will soon restore the old remunerative prices, and consequently, their old-time prosperity. They see in the returns of the recent elections the assurance that the tariff, which once made their flocks and herds a valuable investment, will soon be revived.

able investment, will soon be revived. Remember, the wolf is cunning and sly and hard to catch. Novices and amateurs cunning and sly and hard to catch. Novices and amateurs have no business with the wolf, unless they are first instructed in the habits of the animals and the mode of their capture. The wily brute will "laugh" at them. It takes an expert hunter to catch the wolf; and this, in plain English, he cannot be unless the state pays a bounty to reimburse and make a reasonable profit for the man who has paid an expert to teach him the secrets of the business and explain to him the "signs" left by the animals, without a knowledge of which wolf-hunting as an occupation would be unremunerative.

There is such a thing as being "penny wise and pound foolish"—"letting in at the spigot and out at the bung-hole." This is not economy. It is a waste of time and money to reduce expenditures where the returns are as sure and as

beneficial as they are here. I repeat that, on grounds of public policy, hunters like Ben Corbin should be stimulated and encouraged to perform the public function of assisting in destroying an enemy as persistent and annoying and expensive as the wolf. Were the state invaded by an armed foe, who would question the policy of offering a bounty to volunteers, as the government did during the civil war, to drive out the common foe? One not less dangerous, not less common, than such a hostile force, threatens to destroy one of the peaceful and most prolific and honorable industries of the state. Is it not the duty of the state—that is, of its citizens collectively—the legislature—to assist in the expulsion of the enemy? “What is everybody’s business is nobody’s business.” It must be done by a system. It must be done for the common good. The state must take the matter into its own hands for the common weal.

I know that it is argued that every man owes it to himself to “keep the wolf from the door.” The quotation is not applicable in this case. It is quite another thing from keeping him from a neighbor’s door. It is the general welfare that states are organized to protect, and they cannot descend to private, particular concerns.

On the other hand, the private individual is not obliged to care for the interests of the whole state, beyond his part and proportion of public duty, and his public duty is performed when he shares his money or labor with the state in the shape of taxes. His interests are bound up with the state, and, having received his money or labor in the shape of taxes, the state is in duty bound to protect all his rights in person and property, let the cost be what it may. What greater enemy can they have?

HE KNEW BETTER.

From Philadelphia comes a story of a hospital orderly possessed of more brawn than brain. The man was an Irishman, only recently employed, and one night the resident physician told him to be on hand by 11 o’clock to take to the deadhouse the body of a consumptive patient who could not live past that hour.

Upon the stroke of the clock Dennis was on hand. The night nurse was in another part of the ward, and the patient was, to all appearances, dead. Dennis and his associate tossed the body upon a stretcher and carried it out. In the hall the cold air revived the sufferer from the effects of “the hypodermic” which had been administered.

“Where are you taking me?” he asked.

“To the deadhouse, of course,” replied Dennis; “where the devil else d’ye think I’d be after takin’ you?”

“But I’m not dead,” protested the patient, starting up.

“Lie down this minit!” protested the orderly. “It’s great cheek ye have! D’ye think ye know more about it than the doctor?”

CHAPTER II.

THE WOLF AND THE DAMAGE HE DOES TO DOMESTIC AND WILD ANIMALS. HOW I BECAME A HUNTER.

The wolf is a four-legged animal, very cunning and sly—always has plenty to eat for he don't have to buy it. He is about the size of a shepherd dog and is a fast runner, a good fighter and is hard to catch and like some men, looks very sheepy. He is very fond of ham, especially the mutton ham. They outwit a man in one respect. When they want to rest they lie down, while the men will lie standing up.

The gray or the paririe wolf commonly called the coyote, is very troublesome in all western states, killing colts, calves, pigs and all kinds of poultry. They hunt mostly in packs and destroy great numbers of deer in the stiff snows of winter, sometimes slaughtering whole herds in a single night. The sheepfold of the frontier farmer also suffers from their depredations. They feed on almost all the smaller animals they can overpower. Troops of them have been known to pursue and attack men. When hunting in packs and pressed with hunger, they are bold and exceeding ferocious. At other times, when roaming singly, they are sneaking and cowardly. The grey wolf of this country, which may be taken as the standard of size, is about four feet long from the point of the nose to the root of the tail; the length of tail being about seventeen inches. In the far north they are very large, sometimes measuring six and one-half feet in total length, and weighing one hundred and fifty pounds.

In the ranching districts of North America today it is variously estimated that each grey wolf costs the cattle men from fifty to five hundred dollars annually.

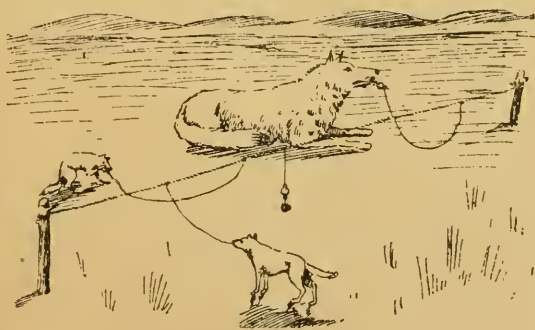
The wolf-hunter has to cope with an animal of almost human intelligence, an animal without superior in sagacity among all the wild beasts of the chase, and one which will tax his utmost ability to circumvent.

I am a hunter by birth, a veritable nimrod from away back. My father hunted redskins with Daniel Boone and counted the notches on his gunbarrel, a notch for every scalp, fourteen in all. Our cattle got fat on huckleberries in the mountains in those days, and father herded and

salted them there. The wolf bounty was \$20 on old wolves, and \$10 on pups under six months old. Father used to hear the wolves howl and it made him smile when he was camping out; for he knew there were dollars for him in every howl. Every few days a calf was missing. The state of Virginia paid \$5, the county \$5, and stockmen made it \$20, and put the money in bank, snug and safe, for any one who killed a wolf in Hampshire county.

It was all gold, silver and poor paper notes those days. A wolf den was worth \$50 to \$150 if you got the male, female and offspring. My father did not carry a shepherd's crook but a gun, while herding cattle; for deer, bear and wolves abounded there. His gun had a flint lock, mind you. I learned to shoot with it. Many a time it snapped, and I would lick the frisen and try again. But with that old fusee he made \$125 one day at three shots. In the morning he shot a bear, and sold it to a big Jim Parsons for \$5. At the second shot he killed the she wolf for which he got \$25, and ripping her open, got her eight kids. That beats me for I never got but \$5 at one shot. His third shot took the old male worth \$20 more.

There's money in wolf hunting if you only know how. When I was a boy, I fairly lived in the woods, and had a hankering after game. Hearing father tell about making money catching wolf and bear, and crawling under rocks after them, and shooting them, and tying a hickory withe around their necks, and have two men pull him out while he hauled the bear or wolf out, too, it encouraged me to go into the business. I did the same trick once, but will never try it again. At Long Lake Creek I shot the old wolf fifteen times before I killed her with a 22 Winchester. On Apple Creek while I was setting the hook, the bank fell



OLD WOLF AND KIDS ON OUTSIDE OF DEN

in behind me, and it was all I could do to dig out, yet our county commissioners want me to kill wolves for \$1 or \$2 a head and run the risk of being eaten alive. If they read my book through they will change their tune. The Savior picked his twelve out of fishermen and the like, and yet got

one devil—if he had gone into any other class, I suspect the whole dozen would have been like Judas.

I sleep easy nights and am growing fat, while I watch the increase in the wolf industry, that costs me no more than the grass that grows. If you are strong, have a clear head, a good liver and know how, you can make money catching wolves all the year 'round, provided the state, the county and the stockmen, who have their millions in live stock, pay a decent bounty on wolves.

I have made \$40 a day. My average last year was five wolves per day, but the bounty was only \$1.45 a head, with 50 per cent off for cash. I can catch wolves twelve



PULLING OUT OF DEN WHEN ABOUT ONE MONTH OLD

different ways, yes, and all sorts of game. I was in Iowa when the war broke out and if any of the 34th Iowa boys read this, they will testify that the wolves didn't eat all the sheep "as we were marching through Georgia." We got twenty sheep when we drove the Johnnies back from Alexandria on Red River. I think that was the best mutton I ever tasted. I can taste it yet—and I suppose Uncle Sam is still paying thousands of dollars for those sheep.

A young wife remonstrated with her husband, a dissipated spendthrift, on his conduct. "My love," said he, "I am like the prodigal son; I shall reform by-and-by." "And I, too, will be like the prodigal son," cried she. "I will arise and go to my father;" and accordingly off she went.

Mr. Jenkins playfully remarked to his wife that in her he possessed four fools. "Who are they?" she asked. "Beauti-fool, duti-fool, youth-fool, and delight-fool," said he. "You have the advantage of me, my dear," she replied, "I have but one fool."

CHAPTER III.

THE WOLF BOUNTY. REASONS WHY IT SHOULD
NOT BE LESS THAN \$5.

In a careful search of the statutes enacted by several states for the past half century or more, I have found that less than \$5 has seldom been offered for each wolf or coyote killed. It would seem, from the testimony of the laws on the subject and from the experience of old hunters, that \$5 is about the least that the service can be done for. If there is a market price at which any labor can be performed, why should not this business have its market price, also? The measure is this: What is the least that good service can be obtained for in any industry? Ascertain this and it becomes the wage rate for that kind of labor—its fixed average value—by every canon of industrial economy.

If the state will pay \$5 for each wolf killed, let the county bounty go for it is fairer for the state than for the county to pay it. But with a county interest in it, bringing it nearer home to the hunters—and there may be more urgent reasons for prosecuting the business in some sections of the state than in others—I would let the county bounty stand at from \$2 to \$3 and the state bounty at from \$5 to \$10, and thus insure a constant and unremitting warfare on these destructive pests. Sheep cannot increase in a ratio of more than two to one annually, while the wolf population is augmented by from 600 to 800 per cent each year, and in a little while there will be overwhelming numbers of them unless the work of destruction is vigorously encouraged and prosecuted. It matters little to the hunters where the pay comes from, so that it comes sure; but, without it, certain it is that the necessary work of extermination will not be done at all.

Thus all the money hitherto paid in state bounties for killing wolves will be ultimately lost. Infested in most parts with packs of wolves, the state will soon be overrun with them. No animal is more prolific or cares more for its young. It is nothing strange for a female wolf to have from six to nine cubs at a litter. Why, even now, people have to watch their flocks carefully—in the daytime, even—to keep the wolves away from them.

Not only are they dangerous to sheep, but they destroy many colts and calves each year. They are now growing

bolder, because of the fact that they are hunted no longer, or, at least, very little, and they are quick to discover the fact. There are instances where they have attacked children going to and from school. There is nothing uncommon, also, for packs of howling wolves to enter the barnyards of the farmers and steal their poultry, which is now about the most valuable stock that they can raise on the farm. In these several items hundreds of thousands of dollars are lost each year.

It is not argued that the restoration of the state bounty, or even \$5 a head for old wolves and \$3 for cubs, would absolutely protect all these interests. Certainly not. Even with the exercise of the utmost care and caution, many depredations by wolves would still occur. But the fact is patent that the restoration of the state bounty would encourage the hunting and trapping of these destructive brutes, and go a long way toward securing at least a partial protection to all domestic animals. With the fecundity of the wolf as great as it is, there is no other way to stop their increase. It will not do to say that the stockmen should be left to do the necessary work themselves, and that if they do not protect their own sheep they should lose them. This is a narrow and selfish view of the matter. A question of public policy, of justice and of fairness comes in and requires the state to protect the general interests of the people and defend them from every public enemy; and what greater enemy can the state have than one that is able to wage war on the state's chief industry both day and night.

I am convinced that no appeal for a wolf bounty can be put too strongly to every board of county commissioners and to the legislature of our great and growing state. North Dakota is, as I have said, a paradise for stockmen. It has no peer on this continent. It is attracting capital from the worn-out fields of Ohio, Pennsylvania and the eastern states. But it must not be forgotten that in at least two-thirds of the state the chief attraction to capital is for investment in live stock, to be cared for and pasture to perfection on our cheap and fertile lands. In a few words, in a great part of the state it is stock or nothing. If those of us who live in that greater part cannot have this interest protected, we might as well pack our traps and leave. It is poor encouragement to eastern capital to take down the barriers which protect and defend our chief industry. New England protects and fosters her fisheries and her factories; New York wisely guards her commerce, finance and trade; Pennsylvania devotes her tenderest care to her mines and mills, and Ohio keeps one eye open to the protection and welfare of her great industry of making presidential possibilities; Colorado and Montana look well to their silver interests; Alabama and the cotton belt guard the throne of King Cotton; Iowa for corn; California for

gold and fruits. But North Dakota—the promised land of the shepherd and the herdsman—proposes now to unconditionally surrender her greatest industry to the wolves! If we prefer wolves to cattle and sheep and eastern capital—if we would destroy the flocks already here and keep others out, and give our state a bad name among its friends—why, then, let us discourage the wolf bounty, and, to save a few dollars, throw millions away.

I was much impressed with Mr. Corbin's quiet humor. When I read this part to him and asked him how any friend of North Dakota could find fault with my logic, he replied: "Oh! easy enough. There are only a few men—like you and I—that care a button about these things.

They have no state pride—care nothing for our live stock or for my hunting business. Why, sir, some of these blasted fools would rather see all the stock and half the children eaten up by the wolves than to see me make \$5—yes, or even \$3—by my business. Jealousy is a mean thing. So is envy. But if men, even in our legislature and in our county commissioners offices, can keep me from making a dollar and at the same time gratify this mean envy and palm off on the people for retrenchment, pretending that they take the bounty off for economy's sake—why, confound them, they chuckle and laugh at you and me for fools. I would about as soon let the wolves decide it as some men we send to the legislature, for you know the good book tells us about 'wolves in sheep's clothing.'"

I was led into these reflections by a long talk I recently had with Mr. Corbin on the subject. Being an expert in this line, a friend of the flocks and an enemy of whatever injures them, be it man or beast, his conversation upon this subject interested me so deeply that I determined to make his views public through the columns of the Record, and at the same time incorporate with such views a somewhat imperfect sketch of his life. I wish that an abler pen than mine might do the old hero justice, but limited space here forbids.

An honest, modest gentleman of the old school; wise in Lincoln's sense of the word "wisdom;" a disciple of nature, loving it in all its forms and studious of it in all its moods; long a companion of its solitude in mountain, plain and prairie, in the woods and along the streams; that plain, practical common sense which comes from such communion with nature lends a charm to all he has to say, and the sketch here given does but scant justice to the grand old hero.—Cor. Emmons County Record.

CHAPTER IV.

WOLF KILLING A SCIENCE AND WOLFOLOGY IS
TAUGHT ONLY BY THE WRITER HIMSELF.
LEAVING THE DEN FOR THE NEXT YEAR'S CROP.
TEMPTING THE WOLF IN RANGE OF THE HUN-
TER'S GUN BY TRAILING THE DOG CLOSE BE-
HIND THE BUGGY.

Starting on one of my expeditions in May or June, I ride in a buggy, with the Winchester and dog. That dog wont pass any fresh sign without a growl or bark to let me know. I hunt against the wind, and let the dog go as he will, and I watch him. We understand each other, and Mr. Wolf knows us both. If the sign is a calf's leg, or duck, or fresh egg shells, I know the wolf is not a mile off and so does Shep, my dog. If you see the old wolves sitting on high ground and looking, after April 25th, be sure the den is not a mile off every time. The time to kill the old wolf is when you locate the den sure, for they will come closer to you now then ever again. There are several ways to get and shoot the old ones. One or both of them.

Tie a small dog close to the den, and then hide. About sunset the wolf will attack the dog—then shoot quick. Another way is, tie a cub close to the den and let the old wolf see it. Then tie your dog close by, and conceal yourself—not long—soon the dog will begin to howl and the old wolf will go for him in defense of the cub—then shoot.

Never kill the young one till you play this game to a finish. You may carry the young ones five miles at night, and the old ones will be with you next morning—such is their affection for their young. The old ones will outwit you unless you consult me first by letter of otherwise. I could catch more old ones, but I wont as long as the bounty is so slow. I can make more catching cubs.

It is no fun. I have no salary like officers who get a big salary and mileage. Remember I board myself and two teams and a hired man, and sleep in the open air. It so happens that I catch hundreds of young wolves where I never see hide or hair of the old ones, who are off looking for their grub, steak among your cattle, sheep and poultry, smiling at your pitiful \$2 bounty.

In warm or soft weather I trap them this way. I take

some old horse or cow with the big jaw or some disease that renders them worthless and plant it in a shallow pond or lake, and kill it, and cut it open, set my trap, and there you are, Mr. Wolf, early next morning. I catch scores that way.

It works like a charm—I have caught ten wolves in one night this way with as many traps—but everything depends on caution and sense in setting traps. I will not go into further details for that would be endless. I have a hundred tricks I would tell you about trapping if I had the space, but I am not writing a big book, and can only give you a hint and pass on.

One of my best tricks is to locate the den at breeding time and pull the cubs out with my peculiar hooks and long ash or fishpole—I haul them all out—sometimes get ten and leave the den for the next year's crop O. K. I have wire and hooks for the purpose, and have applied for a patent.

Sometimes I go to the path the wolves travel and set my traps there. In the thickest brush, I cut off the saplings close to the ground about eight inches wide, for about ten feet from the path, and remove the brush carefully to a distance. I then cut off another bush about four feet high, at the end of the ten feet and slip the trap ring over the bush. Now I take the best bait I have—a deer's or a pig's head—and slip it over the bush. Fresh meat is best. I chop a hole in the ground about twelve inches from bait, and carry the dirt away, and put in the trap and cover it up with gunny sack or calico, and cover it over with the fine dirt and leaves, and then go off and wait.

In my lecture on Wolfology which I am delivering all over the west, you will hear me tell the whole story how I trap, shoot and hook wolves to your heart's content, for I cannot particularize here. Always have a gentle team that will stand fire, or you will get left and have to walk home and carry your pets too.

I always darken the den—always bait the fish hook on the end of my pole with fresh meat, and wait till morning with best results. Another plan I have is to tie my dog to a ten foot pole behind the buggy and drive by the den. The old wolves think, of course, the dog is after their young, and they rush at the dog, then I shoot.

I carry chains and collars for the purpose, and often picket out the cubs and let the old one comes to them, where I can get a shot. This works like a charm. I often get both old ones. If I can draw the old ones to follow my dog tied to a ten foot pole behind my buggy—I shoot. If I can attract them to the dog and kid tied to a stake—I shoot. I get the old ones so. If I fail I reach into the den and grapple the cubs out with hooks made on purpose, so by hook or crook I manage to get them, old or young, all one to me, for it is the bounty I am after all the time.

My wolf code of honor bars poison. It is unsafe, unfair, uncivilized. I draw the line at honest fresh bait, fish pole and hooks for the purpose, and my trusty dog and gun, and I put up my hunter wisdom, experience and cunning against that of the wolf, and I find him sometimes more than a match at my best, for a fact, for anyone who takes the wolf for a fool gets left every time.

The howl of the wolf causes his capture, for it locates his den.

WOLF HUNTING A SCIENCE.

Wolf-killing is a science, and only educated men—educated, I mean, in Wolfology—can successfully combat and destroy these varmints. This science is not taught in any of the schools of the state, but it is a science nevertheless. A man would not pretend to practice medicine, or preach, or practice law without an education especially for his line of work; the same is true of wolf killing. Sports will have a good time for a day and kill a wolf, or possibly two wolves, and will be satisfied, but the professional wolf-killer studies his subject until he understands the nature of the animal he is after so thoroughly that he can locate him and destroy more in one week than all the sports in the county, and those who kill accidentally, will destroy in a year. This being true and the fact that the western part of the state is over-run with wolves that do thousands of dollars worth of damage every year, it behooves the stockmen of North Dakota to make it an object for those who can slay wolves to devote their time to this important industry.

The damage they do is trifling to any one flock or herd perhaps, but in the aggregate they do many thousand dollars worth of damage every year. Wolves increase with wonderful rapidity and are so cunning that it is practically impossible to poison them. Only experts can make any headway toward the destruction of these pests. Unless the different counties and the state offer a premium of sufficient importance to make it an object to diminish the number of wolves, they will increase until the damage done will be many hundred times greater than the amount necessary to keep the numbers down or exterminate.

SAFETY IN SHEEP.

The farmer finds the sheep industry his safest investment. When all other farm products fail to yield their average revenues he seeks solace in the fact that in all emergencies the flock can be depended upon. The farmer never fails to shear his sheep, and his bank account, as a result, shows a comfortable balance in his favor.

The farmer looks to his sheep to pay off mortgages.

When his crops fail, he feels sure that his clip will find a ready cash market.

He rests assured that wool will not deteriorate by storage, should he desire to hold it for better prices.

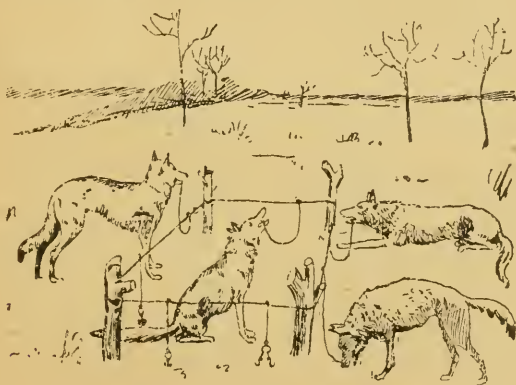
He has nothing to fear, everything to gain, and nothing to lose.

He feels confident that a decline in the sheep industry is almost impossible.

He does not worry about finding a ready market for his mutton.

Sheep while yielding a comfortable income, improve the soil.

As a general rule farmers who stock their farms with sheep find after a brief experience that their money could not have been more safely invested had they placed it in the strong vaults of a bank.



CUBS CAUGHT WHEN ABOUT TWO MONTHS OLD

CHAPTER V,

A SERMON ON WOLVES, AND DESCRIPTION OF MY
WOLF FARM AND NUMBER OF WOLVES CAUGHT.

You will find my text in the one-eyed chapter of the two-eyed John, which reads as follows: "Let no man escape, and to give every man his poison in due season." This text is far reaching and will take in both the four and two-legged. Cut this out and paste in your scrap book and you will know how to vote this fall. No man can be successful who neglects his business.

NUMBER OF CATTLE, SHEEP AND WOLVES IN
EIGHT STATES OF THE UNION.

	Cows	Other Cattle	Sheep	Wolves
Nebraska	628,750	1,395,825	296,779	275,000
South Dakota.....	372,321	449,362	363,697	275,000
North Dakota.....	175,073	252,640	359,721	343,000
Montana	43,994	952,598	3,377,547	300,000
Wyoming	18,140	694,973	2,328,025	340,000
Colorado.....	91,666	973,259	1,655,557	200,000
New Mexico.....	19,317	701,967	3,128,692	350,000
Arizona.....	18,404	381,812	1,014,287	175,000
Figure this.....	*	*	*	2,140,000

LIST OF WOLVES AND INCREASE.

Now, here is a list of five wolves and the amount of bounty that has been paid for their increase in nine years:

Wolf No. 1 has five pups a year for nine years, 45 at \$3	\$ 135.00
Wolf No. 2 has six pups a year for nine years, 54 at \$3	162.00
Wolf No. 3 has seven pups a year for nine years, 63 at \$3	189.00
Wolf No. 4 has eight pups a year for nine years, 72 at \$3	216.00
Wolf No. 5 has nine pups a year for nine years, 81 at \$3	243.00
Total	\$ 945.00

This is the amount the county and state has paid for the increase of those five wolves in the last nine years. Does

not this show that it would pay the county to put a higher bounty on the old wolves? Those same five wolves will present their check in the shape of young wolves for about \$40.00 by the 10th of May. Which is the worst, free trade or free wolves? Both are bad. The place to catch the two-legged wolves is at the ballot box this fall.

Wolves out here? Well I should smile! North Dakota has 340,000 today, ravaging the flocks and herds, and annually destroying more stock than I dare publish in dollars, and yet they offer me a miserable \$1 and \$2 a head for exterminating them, and saving the cattle and sheep.

Minnesota pays \$5 to \$15, so does Wyoming substantially, while Nebraska, South Dakota, Montana, Colorado and Washington pay \$3 state bounty to say nothing of the county and other special bounties. In these eight states are nearly three million wolves, and say, \$1,300,000 of these females each annually multiplying the stock of wolves by five, and if you will figure for yourself you will see the total for the eight states may run to nearly 10,000,000 in one year to come.

In many sections the little children dare not go to school because of these prowling and ferocious beasts. I should think it a very poor child not worth \$3 to \$5 a head.

Our lawgivers seem to think otherwise. If there are millions of wolves out west and no one disputes it, at the present rate of increase and destruction, the millenium will be here long before the total is reduced a single wolf. The problem is too easy and I drop it right here.

I have caught over 1,100 wolves the last nine years, on what I call my wolf farm, in the north half of Emmons county, N. D., the garden spot of the west. I know every inch of this beautiful and fertile region, and nothing pleases me more than to take a stranger in my buggy and drive him over my farm and point out a nice home for him.

I live on my own land near Glencoe, N. D., and my latchstring is always out for any decent man who is hunting for a home. I am a republican, a member of the church, a temperance man, and believe in all things that are good, and no joy comes to me like that of extending a rough but friendly hand to any fellow man who comes to my door, or writes to me for information. My wife is still with me to cheer my old age, my five children grown and settled close to me, industrious and decent, and what more does any man desire in this world—except a pension, and I have that too.

I helped to put McKinley in but not to cut and slash pensions, and if he don't oust that man Evans and redeem his promises of four years ago, he will lose three-fourths of the soldier vote.

I took a long-handled shovel when I moved here, and dug out forty-two wolf dens, put the dirt at a distance so the wolves would suspect nothing, and these dens have

been little gold mines to me—for the wolves went there and I too, in due time when the pups began to bark, as you will see further along in my book.

I know where to find them and hook the cubs out in the breeding season you see. I catch them with pole and hook and do not disturb the den, but leave it for the next year's crop. I know every sign and track of the wolf, his habits, his modes of thought and his cunning to a finish, and waste no time scouring the country over, for in that way he knows more than I do how to keep out of my way.

In certain cases I get a nice fee for killing some special pair of wolves that have committed depredations on some rich man's poultry, sheep or cattle. I knew one pair to kill fifteen head of sheep, and the owner offered me \$10 to kill them.

With sheep at \$3 to \$5 and wool at 20 cents, how long does it take a wolf to destroy more than the pitiful \$1 or \$2 I get for killing him? This is the practical question



UNCLE BEN'S HOME AT GLENCOE

addressed to our legislature, our county commissioners and the farmers of North Dakota, most of all. If this stingy policy does not change, it will not be long until the wolves will take the Red River Valley, and make it a howling desert again; for deprive the farmer and stockmen of their profits in stock, they must resort to raising and selling grain, and shipping it east at the ruinous rates charged by the railroads, and at that business they cannot live, and will soon return east, and let the wolves have North Dakota.

WOLVES DECIDEDLY BOLD.

Wolves are reported bolder in the northern part of the state than ever before. Joseph Augur of Bathgate, while driving with a team was chased by a band of seven, and it was only with the utmost exertions of his team that he managed to make his escape. It is seldom that wolves will attack individuals, particularly the kind that infest the prairies and woods of this state.

PRIVATE DALZELL'S BUREAU OF ORATORY, 2311 PA.
AVE., WASHINGTON, D. C.

Writes speeches, books, pamphlets, etc., for any purpose mentioned, confidentially to order, cash in advance. For particulars enclose stamp and address as above. References furnished to you before sending your money, and satisfaction guaranteed.

CHAPTER VI.

NUMBER OF WOLVES KILLED IN EACH COUNTY AND
RATE OF INCREASE. ONE ACRE OF HENS EQUAL
TO 200 ACRES OF WHEAT. WHY WE ARE SHORT
OF CATTLE.

Where's the use of me and the president trying to protect wool and sheep with the democrats and wolves in cahoot against both? If the legislature can fix the annual increase of wolves at 5, instead of 7 as nature and I fix it, why can't they require the cows to have two calves and so keep the number of live stock even with the number of wolves, for as it is there are about as many of one as of the other—a wolf at every stable door, and sheepfold? The wolves must be fed, and you must raise the cattle, colts, sheep poultry and eggs to feed them or pay me and other hunters to kill the wolves. Choose ye which.

I have done more to protect wool than all the wind jammers in congress.

I append a table here giving the number of wolves in

each county and the rate of increase for the information of the legislature, county commissioners and stockmen:

Barnes	1,130
Benson	1,156
Billings	12,848
Bottineau	964
Burleigh	2,704
Cass	82
Cavalier	1,480
Dickey	1,788
Eddy	484
Emmons	2,208
Foster	320
Grand Forks	292
Griggs	480
Kidder	804
LaMoure	968
Logan	424
McHenry	2,144
McIntosh	588
McLean	868
Mercer	1,380
Morton	4,040
Nelson	824
Oliver	232
Pembina	2,020
Pierce	428
Ramsey	544
Ransom	540
Richland	440
Rolette	484
Sargent	900
Stark	6,000
Steele	212
Stutsman	2,148
Towner	124
Traill	8
Walsh	164
Ward	2,300
Wells	2,084
Williams	4,044

Total wolves in North Dakota... 60,000

The above figures is for 1899; for 1900 there is 345,000, females 172,500; total 1,207,500; increase, 862,500. One of the proudest days of my life was when I was invited to speak before our state legislature on behalf of the wolf industry. If I had had \$100,000 to pay for the vote for the senate, they could not have shown me more respect, because I suppose it was the first time they had ever heard an honest man there.

Again when lately I drove with my hunting outfit through the city of Esimarck, and showed the staring denizens of that metropolis the fruits of my industry, I received such marked attention as a politician with a bag of gold in one hand and the constitution in the other might have been proud of.

I count a poor day if I don't average four to seven. Last year I was on the road with my horse, buggy, dog and gun twenty-three days, killed eighty-five wolves; in 1898, 104 in twenty-eight days, and in 1897, 148 in thirty-five days. during my hunting season, which is May and June. I used to hunt them with steel traps, but that is too slow, for this cunning animal is very wary of a trap. And as for hunting with gun alone, that is still slower, for it is almost impossible to get a shot at a wolf the first time, and if you shoot one, you are done then for sure.

A gray wolf here means a timber wolf, and twice as large as a prairie wolf or cayote. The cayote or prairie wolf is the one that does the devilment, catching calves, sheep and all kinds of poultry, while the timber wolves or long gray wolves kill horses, colts, 2-year-old steers. There are few of them east of the Missouri river, except in some of the northwestern counties of North Dakota. The stockmen there offer as high as \$5 a head for every wolf killed around their ranches. The wolf opens his eyes in nine days, but it has taken our people nine years to get their eyes open to this matter. The worst wolves I ever met yet are the two legged wolves in sheep's clothing.

.Our legislature cut the bounty on old wolves from \$3 down to \$2, and on kids \$1, requiring the hunter to skin and bring in the skin and skull, and in case of a female, the whole carcass. It is pleasant company in my buggy in May and June, and if I could only have the commissioners and legislature in with me a couple of hours they would dispense with these useless and oppressive requirements and ask me to bring in the scap and ears only to get my bounty. Our county commissioners should go with me on my excursions and see a calf leg here, a sheep's leg there, wings of ducks, turkeys or chickens, etc., lying around at the mouth of every den.

They often forget that the poultry and eggs of North Dakota are worth as much as any other crop, even wheat itself, and should take some measures to protect it and not waste all their sympathy on the Cubans and Philipppines. Charity begins at home, here in North Dakota.

If they would protect not only the game but domestic fowl, why not charge a license of \$5 or \$10 for hunting. Hundreds who never fired a gun would take out hunter's license to protect their poultry, etc., and the sums thus gathered could be applied to the bounty at large, and raise it to an amount that would pay us old hunters to exterminate these pests.

Our legislature passed a law to make five a liter but the wolf gives no heed to it, and persists in multiplying the stock of wolves by seven. Four hundred wolves in one of my adjoining counties, (county of Burleigh) were females and last year increased the crop to 3,600, i. e., 800 old ones, and 2,800 cubs, while the total number killed was only 150, and this year is a fair sample of how the work goes on all over the state. I could multiply examples but this is enough to set stockmen and farmers thinking until they begin to know that the only way to exterminate or even diminish this growing army of wolves is to offer a decent bounty.

One thing is sure, the people pay the tax any way, if not to me, then to the wolves, the only difference being that I ask money but Mr. Wolf asks fresh mutton and beef, eggs, chickens and ducks for his pay.

It must be paid one way or the other, only I ask not one tenth of what Mr. Wolf demands, and he don't need any law of the legislature nor need he fetch in both ears and skull and carcass to get his pay.

Statisticians are figuring on why we are short 2,000,000 cattle. Why, the wolves got the calves. North Dakota with 345,000 wolves, of which 172,500 are females, producing seven more annually, increasing the wolf population to 1, 212,000 by 1900 will soon settle all these problems for the farmers and stockmen of this state. Why they haven't sense enough to know which end of the wolf the tail is on, or would they compel me to bring in the whole skin, and skull with both ears and tail on, and then fetch two respectable taxpayers to vouch for me that I killed the wolf in their county? By and by I expect them to demand the affidavits of a couple of old grey wolves themselves, or some other equally folish impossibility. Sometimes I fear there is a lobby of wolves in our legislature with wool on—over their eyes sure. If they had to have this loud smelling carcass around as I have for ten days to get it to the county seat for my bounty, they would smell something about as bad as their den does when it is selling a seat in the senate.

I watch my own place so well that within five years past I have caught 400 wolves within seven miles of my house. They shant take my stock, no sir, if the court knows herself, and she thinks she do.

In my buggy with my faithful shephard dog beside me, my gun in hand, and a gay cayote in a box under my seat, I drive out with a horse as steady as a clock who never minds the cock of a gun, and if I come home again you will see and smell something that will do your soul good, and that bad as it smells means fewer wolves but more live stock for North Dakota.

No man can be successful who neglects his business, therefore I must raise the wolf bounty to \$5 and \$10, \$5 for sheep and \$20 for calves.

**SHE PRODUCES OVER \$500,000,000 EVERY YEAR—ONE
ACRE OF HENS EQUALS 200 ACRES OF WHEAT.**

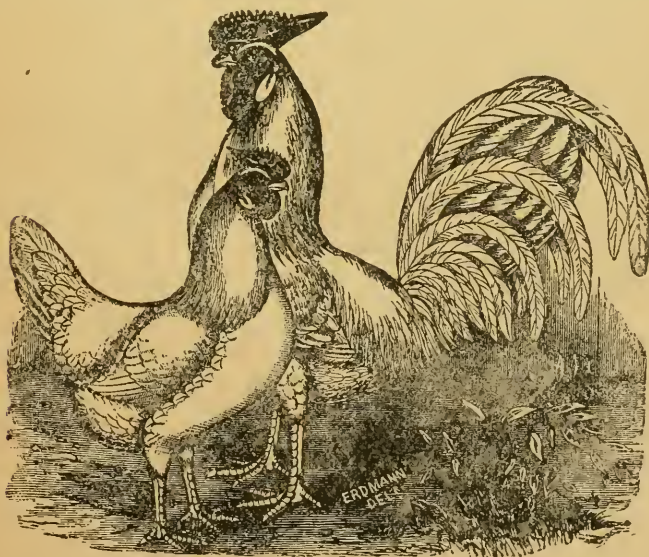
The latest government statistics prove that the poultry and eggs of the country are worth more every year than the combined value of corn, oats and hay. The egg product alone is worth three hundred million dollars per year. At the same time the American people have to import millions of dozens of eggs yearly to supply the demand. There is always a large profit in the poultry business and you should give it thoughtful consideration.

ONE ACRE OF POULTRY CLEARS \$1,000.

A flock of thirteen hens will thrive in a yard twenty feet wide by fifty feet deep. In this way 500 hens can be successfully managed on one acre of ground. According to the management they will pay from \$1 to \$2 clear profit for each hen per year. This will give \$500 to \$1,000 clear profit from one acre of hens.

ONE ACRE OF WHEAT CLEARS \$5.00.

The farmer who makes a clear profit of \$5 per acre from wheat is extremely successful, as most of farmers do not make that. But allowing a profit of \$5 per acre for wheat, you will find one acre of hens to give as much profit as 200 acres of wheat. This is equally true of corn, with slight variations.



THE PRIDE OF THE BARNYARD

Note—We are indebted for this fine picture of a pair of Rose Combed White Leghorns to Mr. Peter P. Formoe of Bismarck, who raises this breed and the Silver Laced Wyandottes.

CHAPTER VII.

THE GREAT SHEEP AND CATTLE RANGES OF THE
WEST. SOMETHING ABOUT THE CHEAP LANDS
FOR WHICH I AM AGENT.

The great sheep ranges and cattle ranches of the mighty west have no enemy so dangerous and costly as the wolf. He is to the flocks and herds what the Indian once was to the lonely scattered settlers, and that brute instinct, cunning intelligence or whatever it may be is of a very high order, much more cunning and wise than man's wisdom in many respects. If it requires years in college to learn something of the human mind, it requires even longer and closer study in the college of the paririe and mountain to learn the ways of the wolf, the most cunning animal, except the fox, and his equal altogether. A tenderfoot might hunt wolves till the cows come home, and never catch one, and go back east feeling mighty lucky if they did not catch him. The busy farmer and stockman have no time or patience to hunt wolves. That is a business of itself, and requires half a life time to acquire it.

I have devoted my life to it, have studied it, practiced it, till I have it down fine, and believe I should be paid for telling others what it took me so long to learn. That is one of the objects of this book. The doctor charges you for his prescriptions, and the lawyer for advice, and the clergyman for counsel, even if you are no better off when they are done—you pay all the same. And so if I, an old hunter, known through the entire west as the Boss Wolf Killer, teach you something of my craft, you will not complain if I ask you to shell out! That is plain talk with the bark on, and I mean every word, for I assure you I don't print the book for fun, nor for my health, for I am as merry as a lark and have health out here to burn.

I wish I could get a lot of you pale faced eastern boys out here on these plains and prairies and mountains. I'd put roses in your cheeks and money in your pockets, without the aid of any doctor but good old Mother Nature, with her sweet breath and glorious exercise. Throw physic to the dogs and come here, and let your life have a chance to develop and throw off disease—and laziness.

Here in the west it is root hog or die, and you must work or starve, and once I showed you one of these free lovely homesteads over which I have hunted for years, you will

pitch your tent to stay, and bless the day you first met plain, bluff old Ben Corbin. Send me a letter and I will tell you all you wish to know.

FREE HOMES IN NORTH DAKOTA.

GOVERNMENT LAND FREE—There are 20,385,293 acres of unoccupied government land in North Dakota open for entry, free under the homestead laws. Of these 11,960,433 acres are unsurveyed, and 9,424,860 unsurveyed, according to the government land commissioner's report August 1, 1897.

RAILROAD LANDS—The Northern Pacific Railway Company has 6,700,000 acres of desirable grazing and agricultural lands in North Dakota for sale at prices ranging from \$1.00 to \$5.00 per acre, and on five and ten years' time at 6 per cent, if desired.

A WORD TO SETTLERS—Remember that North Dakota has one great and paramount advantage, viz: That it contains immense areas of easily tilled soil ready for the plow. No clearing of trees or removing of stumps is necessary. The land lies open in broad fertile expanses awaiting cultivation. Crops can be raised as soon as the first sod is turned. The settler can, the first year, raise potatoes, oats, wheat, corn and vegetables enough for his own home consumption.

DON'T WAIT—Now is the time to buy a good home in the west, as good western lands will never be as cheap again as they are now. Homeseekers will not find our country as settlers did fifty years ago. They won't have to travel for months in covered wagons to find a house. They will have the best of railroad facilities to carry them right through the finest farming country in the United States.

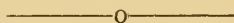
CORBIN'S HOTEL is delightfully situated on the banks of the Missouri River near Glencoe, Emmons county, N. D., and is twenty miles south of Bismarck. Headquarters for sportsmen and wolf hunters. Catfish, taken fresh from the historic Missouri River served every day.

RENTERS, LOOK INTO OUR WESTERN LANDS.—The amount of rent you pay to eastern landlords would buy you a home within the limits of our land. Don't remain in an old settled country, where you are always paying rent, frequently for exhausted lands, and scarcely make a living. Come west where your time and labor will pay for a farm. We should not spend our time and money to show you homes if we did not know we have what you want. We can raise the very best of wheat, corn, oats, hay, potatoes and produce of all kinds on these lands. Our lands are situated in the healthiest portion of the United States. I have lived in Emmons county for fifteen years. Remember if you get a claim with hay and water on it, you then have the world by the tail; and you can then get the rest without trouble. I can settle ten families

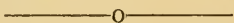
a day from now till next September, on government and railroad lands. For particulars address Benj. Corbin, Glencoe, N. D.

STATISTICAL MAP.

H. U. Thomas, commissioner of agriculture and labor, has issued a statistical map of North Dakota from a study of which much valuable information may be obtained. The area of North Dakota is given as 73,312 square miles; population estimated, 300,000; miles of railroads, 2,979; number of post offices, 590; newspapers published, 150; expended for support of public schools, 1898, \$1,131,530; number of schools, 2,333; value of school property, \$2,132,739; assessed valuation of real and personal property, 1899, \$114,334,428; capital invested in banking, \$16,599,110.



Stark county shows up on the map in good shape. The county is credited with having in vacant government lands 2,486,800 acres; land under cultivation, 41,765 acres. In 1898 there were raised in the county 379,309 bushels of wheat, 2,890 of flax, 53,260 of oats, 5,134 of barley, 1,274 of rye, 7,480 of corn, 14,820 of potatoes. Live stock sold during 1898 1,111,575. Assessed valuation of real and personal property, 1899, \$2,296,838.



LINCOLN AS A HORSE TRADER.

The preceding incident leads to another, in which Mr. Lincoln himself figures as a horse trader. The scene is a very humorous one, and, as usual in an encounter of wit, Mr. Lincoln came out ahead. He and a certain judge once got to bantering one another about trading horses; and it was agreed that the next morning at 9 o'clock they should make a trade, the horses to be unseen up to that hour—and no back out, under a forfeit of \$25. At the hour appointed, the judge came up, leading the sorriest-looking specimen of a nag ever seen in those parts. In a few minutes Mr. Lincoln was seen approaching with a wooden saw-horse upon his shoulders. Great were the shouts and the laughter of the crowd; and these increased, when Mr. Lincoln, surveying the judge's animal, set down his saw-horse, and exclaimed: "Well, Judge, this is the first time I ever got the worst of it in a horse trade!"

PATENTS APPLIED FOR.

I have applied for patents on two dinguses that I have invented. One is a double-back-action wolf exterminator, a description of which I will give at some future time. The other invention is a flubdub for opening the eyes of editors

and county officials to the necessity of paying a good bounty and getting the wolves killed off. There will be a machine of extra strength for the county board, whose eyes are now closed tighter than ever.

The Corbin house is now open for stoppers. Terms \$1 per day.

Stop at the Corbin Hotel and hear the catfish ring the dinner bill. No whisky, no beer. When I want anything fresh I kill a deer.

No blind pig to squeal in the night and wake you up in a terrible fright.

The farmer who neglects sheep stands in his own light. They are so peaceable and well-disposed, and so easy to keep that the money they make is only a secondary matter. Wool and mutton are always in demand, and never yet has the price been too low to leave a profit, although a good many sheep breeders got scared and sold their flocks a few years ago, thinking that unprofitable prices were coming. Sheep are better than mining stock to the farmer with a weedy farm, and to the good farmer they are as good as money in the pocket.

METHOD IN THE SHEEP BUSINESS.

It is said that representatives of the American-English syndicate have been in western North Dakota and Montana all summer and fall, traveling over the large sheep raising sections, securing options on the best sheep ranches and best watered land for the purpose of consolidating them into one large company. Already options on nearly 500,000 head of sheep and 500,000 acres of the finest and most fertile sheep raising land in Montana have been obtained. The representatives of the syndicate in Montana are both old, experienced and successful sheep men. The company will be known as the Montana Consolidated Sheep and Land company, with a capital of \$10,000,000.

The company will seek to improve the sheep industry of the northwest. Experienced sorters, graders and packers will be in charge at the various shearing plants, so as to have the wool in shape on the market, commanding ready sales and high prices. Instead of sending sheep to other states to be fattened, the company will get them in proper condition for the market and begin feeding upon alfalfa, which is grown in large quantities upon many of their splendid properties, which is acknowledged to be the finest sheep food grown. Scouring plants, woolen mill, etc., are among the possibilities with the company, and the business is to be handled in such a way as to attain the best results based upon years of experience of others, as well as those interested in the company.

CHAPTER VIII.

NUMBER OF WOLVES IN EACH COUNTY AND
AMOUNT OF TAXES PAID. WHAT ONE MILL ON
THE DOLLAR WOULD RAISE. NECESSITY OF
GREATER LEVY.

The following are the number of wolves killed in this state, by counties, together with bounty fund taxes from each county here represented, as shown by the "State Bounty Register," from January, 1897, to November 30, 1898:

Counties	No. Wolves	Amount
Barnes	282	\$ 292.63
Benson	289	85.50
Billings	3,212	40.85
Bottineau	496	59.20
Burleigh	551	quw qu
Cass	23	829.55
Cavalier	370	132.79
Dickey	447	165.08
Eddy	1-3	49.18
Emmons	507	32.64
Foster	80	76.54
Grand Forks	73	574.80
Griggs	120	100.39
Kidder	201	42.43
LaMoure	242	172.25
Logan	106	29.61
McHenry	536	17.92
McIntosh	147	51.25
McLean	217	40.77
Mercer	345	23.38
Morton	1,010	154.13
Nelson	206	135.87
Oliver	58	23.51
Pembina	255	302.59
Pierce	107	25.23
Ramsey	136	125.58
Ransom	135	133.60
Richland	121	440.62

Counties	No. Wolves	Amount
Rolette	475	46.26
Sargent	142	114.71
Stark	1,500	127.24
Steele	53	191.24
Stutsman	537	251.40
Towner	31	56.28
Trall	2	406.66
Walsh	41	413.30
Ward	575	96.70
Wells	546	107.42
Williams	911	35.89
<hr/>		<hr/>
Total	15,211	\$ 6,207.31

Since the above table was obtained written orders for about 1,000 wolf scalps have been received by the state auditor from various counties listed above.

Now there is another feature of this matter that deserves a little attention and that is the size of the bounty. It is no trick to catch young wolves, for a hunter who has made a life study of the subject as I have done. I have made it my business since I have been in the country, and I know just how to do it. But neither is it any trick for a doctor to make a professional call and charge \$2 for it, or for a lawyer to give a bit of advice and charge \$10 for five minutes talk. And in a good many cases the doctor's advice does no good and the lawyer's talk only gets you into more trouble. But it is different with the wolf hunter. Every time he catches a wolf he saves you money. He saves you a calf or a sheep, or a turkey or something that is a direct benefit. He never fails to do you some good. And he does not get paid unless he does catch a wolf. He has to do some good to the stockmen before he gets any money. The doctor and the lawyer have made a study of their business and they get paid for what they know. Why should not the wolf hunter who has made a life study of his business get paid for what he knows and does. He knows how to catch wolves and he goes out and catches them. He is just as important to the stock grower as the doctor or the lawyer or any other man who does nothing and gets a big fee. The difference is that he does a great deal and gets a small fee. He saves thousands of dollars to the stockmen, and gets a small bounty. And yet he is the most important member of the community, for if he does not do his work, the wolves eat up the cattle and sheep and the stockmen have to go out of business. A small bounty will do no good. An experienced wolf hunter will not go out and work hard for a measly little fee, and then discount his warrants to get money. The small bounty is all right for the young wolves, for an experienced wolf hunter will catch a whole litter of them at once and

make something out of it, but if you want the old wolves killed off, something that takes hard work and does more good than killing off 100 young ones, put a higher bounty on them. Put a bounty of \$5 or even \$10 on old wolves, and shut off the wolf supply factory. No hunter will work to kill an old wolf for \$2 when he can in the same time kill half a dozen young ones and get \$1 apiece for them. But if you make it an object for him to kill the old ones, he will clean them out, and then there will be no young ones, at \$1 apiece. Handle this question in a business-like fashion. Every stockman in the county is just as much interested in this matter as I am. I make a bare living at the business, and yet I keep the wolves cleaned out so that you can make a fortune in the stock business in a few years. It is to get scientific wolf hunters to make a business of destroying them. It should be the aim of the stockmen to pay enough bounty to make the object of experienced hunters to devote their time to killing off wolves. Other states pay big bounties. In many places the stockmen pay a side bounty for all wolves killed on their range. Nebraska has been trying to get some man who will devote his time to this wolf business and clean the wolves out, but they can't get anyone, for the reason that wolf killing is a science and there are only a few of us who know how to kill them. The stockmen of Emmons county have all the benefit of my long experience in killing wolves, the very thing the Nebraska stockmen would like to have, and yet they, or rather some of them, do not want to pay a small amount for my work. In Nebraska the big cattlemen make all the cowboys ride the range to shoot the wolves. I kill off whole families of them before they get big enough to kill off stock. If this is not a good thing for the stockmen here, they do not know what is best for them.

CIRCULAR ON THE WOLF INDUSTRY.

Benjamin Corbin, the boss wolf hunter of North Dakota, who has caught more wolves than any other man in the northwest, if not in the United States, says that now is the time his crop is being cultivated. Corbin figures every female wolf as a farmer figures an acre of ground to be sowed for a yield of grain. When the wolf bounty is taken off for a time the female wolves increase in numbers, and that, according to his calculations, gives him so many more acres to count upon. The female wolves produce annually seven young ones. When the bounty is placed on the wolves again, when they become so numerous that they threaten the existence of the stock industry, Corbin locates all these families of young ones and in many cases catches the entire family in one night without putting out an ounce of poison or firing a shot. How he does it is

secret which it would pay any wolf hunter well to find out, and which may be done if proper arrangements are made with Mr. Corbin, whose address is Glencoe, N. D. Counting every female wolf as an acre of land would be counted by a farmer, seven young ones at \$3 bounty each produces a revenue to Mr. Corbin of \$21 an acre—a far more profitable business than farming when the bounty is taken off the old wolves through false economy, and the young ones are allowed to grow until they become so numerous that catching them is easy.

I have hunted wolves in this state for nine years, and have caught and killed more of them than any other man in the northwest. I know all their habits and the amount of damage they do, and I know that if the bounty is taken off them they will over run the state and ruin the stock industry. Every time the bounty is taken off the wolves increase and when it is placed back on them it takes so much longer to cut the number down to what it was before.

The best thing for the interests of the state and of the stock raisers, in my opinion, would be to put an increased bounty on the female wolves in the breeding season—say from the first of February to the first of June. That is the time the killing of the females will do the greatest good, for the females have an average of seven pups each, and if the old wolf is killed it prevents the bearing of that additional number of young ones. As soon as these young ones are born they are trapped and killed and \$3 each is paid for them in bounty, making a total of \$21 in bounty that has to be paid, where it could be avoided by the payment of \$10 on the old wolf in the breeding season.

Out of the breeding season put a bounty of \$5 on the old wolf. This will be an inducement to kill the old wolves at all times and will result in cutting down the number that are born annually. If the burden is too heavy for the state let the state pay half the bounty and the county pay half, each county to pay the proportion of the bounty for the wolves killed within its borders.

Put a bounty of \$10 on the female wolves in the breeding season and \$5 the year round. Let each county pay half the bounty and the state pay the other half.

THE FAMILY COW.

She's broad in her hips and long in her rump,
A straight and flat back without even a hump.
She's wide in her lips and calm in her eyes,
She's fine in her shoulders and thin in her thighs,
She's sleight in her neck and small in her tail,
She's wide in her breast and good at the pail:
She's fine in her bone and silky of skin,
She's a grazier without and a butcher within.

CHAPTER IX.

LOCATING THE WOLF DEN. THE BENEFIT OF THE
WOLF BOUNTY. A CORRESPONDENT'S DESCRIPTION OF MY WOLF FARM.

The wolves howl every evening when they leave the den. They do the same thing in the morning. That howl is music to my ears, and death to theirs. I go to the ranchman, and ask, "Have you any wolves here?" Back comes the reply of ignorance "No sir, plenty of cayotes but no wolves." A cayote is a wolf, and I now know what next to ask. "How often do you see them?" "Every morning and evening." "Do they do any damage?" "O yes, they caught three turkeys here—one on her nest almost ready to hatch—they suck eggs, and they even caught the old rooster and four hens, just over there west of the hill."

I am almost sure, now I will ask a question or two more, and clinch it like a Philadelphia lawyer. "Where do you first hear them in the morning?" "Over there," pointing with the finger. "Where is the roughest, rockiest, hilly ground?" It is pointed out to me. This information which seems so simple to you gives me all the clue I need, so off I go. Why, I know the den is not half a mile off, and just at what point of the compass. I drive right there as straight as a bee flies to its hive, with my dog tied to the end of my ten-foot pole. The wolves come out to look at the dog, and if they follow me, I locate the den at once. of meat, and the plant is then left over night.

I take a shot the first chance and get one or both of the wolves. If, however, the wolves are shy and keep at a distance, I wait for night, and set my dog after the old ones, and then drive past the den. This will fetch the old one to the den, if the cubs are too young to come out, otherwise she will stay away. The surest time to shoot the old ones and hook or spear the young ones in the den is when they are too small to leave the den. I have referred to this elsewhere and need not repeat. I fool away no time on the old ones however, for I get \$1 for each cub, and only \$2 for the adults, and so I take the old ones if I can easily, otherwise I gather in the cubs and pass on.

Out of 1,500 wolves I have killed the past nine years, not more than sixty-one were grown up.

I have twenty old females on my farm of twenty-five miles square that have cost the people from \$150 to \$200 each in the last nine years, when they could have got rid of the whole twenty for \$100 or even less money, by offering an inducement for their capture. In 1897, I caught twenty-one litters of wolves, averaging seven to the litter. I kill about one old wolf for every twenty young ones. I spot the same old pair every year, get the increase and let the old ones go free. I particularize five old wolves whose offspring I have caught every year. These five wolves have cost on bounty \$945 and are still alive and well.

Don't this demonstrate that it would be economy to pay a bounty of \$10? You must kill more than 1,000 a day to exterminate the 343,000 in North Dakota within one year, as it is done now the wolves are on the increase in a ratio that must startle any thinking man concerned in the honorable business of raising wool, mutton, beef, poultry, butter and eggs for the market, for the wolves get the most of it now. It costs you half a million dollars a year to starve out the poor hunter with niggardly bounty, and hamper and feed the wolves with the finest and best of your flocks and herds.

Any one interested can easily prepare himself for the business of wolf hunting for \$25 under my personal instruction in a thousand matters I can put in no books, and that no book can teach. A ride with Uncle Ben, a few weeks at my fireside will cost you nothing, and before you leave my college you will drop me a \$25 and get your diploma as W. H. L. L., which means doctor of wolf hunters. No other college can confer the degree—no other university than my open prairies, grand woods, and crystal streams, where the air is pure, the sunlight clear, and nature's open book before us teaches all you need to know for wolf hunters.

BENEFITS OF THE WOLF BOUNTY.

The wolf bounty question is a serious one for the stockmen of the western part of this state. It is serious because wolves increase rapidly, and if they are not kept thinned out by experienced wolf hunters, the time will have to come when the stockmen will be forced to leave the business or conduct it at a loss. At present the free range and free grass afford the stockmen the greatest natural opportunities in the world. The wolf is their principal enemy, and it would seem to be the part of wisdom for them to kill the enemy or make it an object for other men to do so.

Wolves increase much faster than people suppose who do not know the animals. They multiply at the rate of 600 to 800 per cent a year. An old she wolf in one year will bear half a dozen or more young ones, and in another

year every one of these will be large enough to do as much damage as the old one. If these young wolves are trapped or shot, and put out of the way, the stockmen are safe, except from the old one. But if they are allowed to run at large—if no bounty is paid and they are not killed—in a year or two they will be breeding and raising young and the first thing you know the prairie is overrun with wolves and the stockmen and farmers find their calves dead on the range, and their profits eaten up by the pests.

Just to show how wolves multiply, I will state that in the past nine years I have caught 300 pups from five old wolves. Suppose those pups had not been caught—suppose there had been no bounty and they had been allowed to grow unmolested. Half of them would have been females and at the rate of increase there would have been thousands of wolves from the five old ones, where I kept the number down to the original five.

Now the one thousand wolves—put the increase at that number—will do as much damage as the profits of several big stockmen will amount to in a year. If I had killed off what would have produced that number I have saved the farmers and stockmen thousands of dollars. At \$3 a head, I got \$900 for those 300 wolves. Does it look as though I was giving the stockmen the worth of their money or not?

Now these wolves were killed on a little piece of land twenty-four miles square. Last year I caught 148 wolves in thirty-five days on the same land. Suppose the same ratio of wolves were found all over the prairies in the state.

There are 50,000 square miles of land in the western part of the state and wolves are found on a large number of miles of it. Let them increase at the rate I have shown and the stockmen will have to increase the bounty or quit the stock business. But if enough bounty is paid right along to encourage a few experienced wolf hunters to stay in the business and clean out the increase, with as many of the old wolves as can be killed, the wolf question will eventually settle itself, for a race of animals must either increase or die out altogether—it cannot stand still. I believe the stockmen of this country are in favor of killing off the wolf tribe altogether. But they will never succeed by offering a bounty one year and taking it off the next. For the wolves will increase enough in one year, if they are not killed off, to make up for several years when they have been killed for the bounty. Pay a bounty right along until the wolves are killed off.

In the past nine years I have caught some 1,100 wolves. On an average I have received \$3 a head for them. That is a total of \$3,300. I have discounted the warrants from time to time, so my actual receipts are much less than this. But surely these wolves would have done \$10 damage

apiece if they had lived, not counting what damage would have been done by their increase, and that alone is \$10,000, all of which would have come out of the farmers and stockmen. I have received a little over \$3,000, and I have saved the stockmen \$10,000. Does that look as though I were beating anybody on the wolf bounty? Does it not rather show that an experienced wolf hunter is a man whom the stockmen should pay well to keep in the stock country.

CORBIN'S WOLF FARM.

One of the most picturesque and interesting characters in the western part of this state is Ben Corbin of Glencoe, Emmons county, known all over the state as the "boss wolf hunter." Corbin has made a life study of wolf trapping and as a result has caught more wolves than possibly any other hunter in the northwest. He is accustomed to compute his season's catch by hundreds, and as the bounty on the animals ranges from \$3 to \$5 a head, according to the county in which they are caught, he makes a good living at wolf trapping alone.

Corbin is a Virginian by birth and has been a hunter and trapper all his life. Every season, when the wolves give birth to their young, he is early on the trail of the animals, and in the territory of twenty-five square miles he manages to keep the young ones pretty well cleaned out. The old ones he does not often touch. His reason for sparing them is a selfish one, and yet natural. He says: "I have practically all the wolf dens in my locality spotted and knew where to find them every year. The litter of a female wolf ranges from five to nine wolves, and as I catch the whole litter every year each female wolf is worth \$15 to \$30 a year to me, as I get \$3 each for the young wolves. If I kill the old one I deprive myself of this revenue." This is the argument that Corbin makes to the county commissioners and the state for a larger bounty on old female wolves. He says if a bounty of \$10 each were offered for the old female wolves they would be killed, where at present they are spared by wolf hunters out of consideration for the revenue they bring in the shape of young ones. In the past nine years Corbin has kept an account of five old wolves in the territory over which he has hunted and he says he has received nearly \$1,000 in the shape of bounty on the young they have produced. This he calls reducing the wolf bounty business to a science.

Corbin's methods of catching young wolves is one which he devised himself, and which, so far as known, is employed by no other wolf hunter in the state. The ordinary methods of killing the animals are by shooting them, by poisoning them and by hunting them with dogs. But all of these methods are open to objection. Poison is no longer a favorite method, for the reason that the wolves

after a time become suspicious and refuse to touch the poison that is set for them. There is also the objection that the poison becomes scattered over the grass by the rain and wind and cattle eat of the poisoned grass and die. Shooting the wolves is difficult, for the reason that the animals are wary. Hunting them with dogs is excellent sport, but unprofitable occupation for the professional wolf hunter, for the reason that the catches average at best only one or two wolves a day. Corbin's method overcomes all these difficulties and objections, and is as simple as A B C. He catches the young wolves with fishhooks and a steel line, and has been known to land eight young wolves on the same line in one night.

The wolves live in dens in the earth, after the manner of badgers, except that the dens are larger. When Corbin locates the den, he waits until night and then brings his fishing line and hooks into play. The steel line is fastened to a stout stake driven into the ground and is then carried beneath the soil through the region immediately about the den. From the main wire are numerous smaller wires projecting in all directions, to the end of each of which is a spring fishhook. These hooks are baited with good-sized pieces of chicken breast or other tempting morsels.

When the young wolves leave the den at night to prowl about in search of food the first thing they encounter is these scattered bits of meat. The wolf is a ravenous animal, and bolts small bits of meat whole. The young ones attack these bits of meat and swallow them, snap goes the bolted spring hook, and the wolf is fast. Every effort made by the wolf to get away adds to the pain inflicted by the hook, which has found lodgment in his stomach or throat, and he soon learns that absolute quiet is the best method under the circumstances. Not infrequently Corbin returns to the den in the morning to find every one of the young wolves caught on the spring hooks. The steel wire prevents their biting it in two and escaping in this fashion, and as the animals are all securely fastened, it is no difficult task to knock them in the head with a club, take their scalps and leave the bodies for the buzzards.

This process is repeated at every den which may be discovered by the hunter, and seldom without success. Hundreds of young wolves are caught every season, and their scalps brought in for the bounty. The same ground is gone over every season, with the same results, and Corbin pockets annually hundreds of dollars as the result of his ingenuity. He has endeavored to have the fishhook and line patented as a means of catching wolves but the patent office does not consider an old device patentable as applied to a new end, and he has been unable to secure a patent.

Corbin makes some calculations of the number of wolves

in the western part of the state which are startling to stockmen. He claims that from the number of wolves he has caught on twenty-five square miles of territory, if the same number exists on every other equal section of territory, and it is reasonable to suppose there is, there are 300,000 wolves in the western part of the state, and the annual damage they do to cattle and all stock interests is enormous. But so long as the bounty is the same on old wolves as young, he says the wolf hunters will content themselves with killing as many young wolves as they can, without harming the old ones, and there will be no perceptible advance made in the diminution of the original number of wolves.

FIXING THE TAX LEVY.

Mr. Carlblom moved that the state tax levy to defray the general expenses of the state for the current year be fixed at the specific sum of four hundred and thirty-one thousand eight hundred and eighteen dollars, (\$431,818.00) being at the rate of three and eight-tenths (3.8) mills on the dollar of the assessed valuation of all taxable property in the state as equalized by the state board of equalization for the year 1899.

That the state tax levy to pay interest on the state debt for the current year be fixed at the sum of fifty-six thousand eight hundred and eighteen dollars (\$56,818.00) being at the rate of five-tenths (.5) of one mill on the dollar of the assessed valuation of all taxable property in the state as equalized by the state board of equalization for the year 1899; and,

That the special tax levy for the payment of wolf bounties be fixed at the specific sum of twenty-two thousand seven hundred and twenty-seven dollars (\$22,727.00) being at the rate of two-tenths (.2) of one mill on the dollar of the assessed valuation of all taxable property in the state as equalized by the state board of equalization for the year 1899.

Valuation of all property within the state of North Dakota as fixed by the state board of equalization:

Real property	\$ 72,110,059
Personal property	25,209,411
Railroad Property	17,014,908

Total valuation of state \$ 114,334,428

LEVY.

	Mills
General	3.8
Bond interest5
Wolf bounty2
Total	4.5

CHAPTER X.

SIGNS IN WOLF HUNTING. HOW IT CAN BE MADE
MORE PROFITABLE THAN STOCK RAISING. MY
TREATMENT BY THE LEGISLATURE OF 1898.

LETTER FROM A STOCK RAISER.

Uncle Ben Corbin nas a book in press and—strange as it may appear to those who know the trouble that it is to get the renowned author to converse on the subject of wolves—the book is devoted entirely to that branch of natural history. In a recent letter to the Record Col. Corbin says:

“Ever since word got out that I was writing a book on ‘Wolfology’ I have been receiving many letters wanting to know what I would take to tell them how I catch so many wolves, and for that reason I have issued a circular stating that the book will be out about April 26—in time to help move the 1900 crop. I have given notice that Benjamin Corbin, general manager of the state of North Dakota and superintendent of the wolf industry of the west, has called a convention to be known as ‘The Wolf Convention,’ to try to work up some plan to destroy the 862,500 young wolves which will be the increase for the present year, and also to get away with as many old wolves as possible. Everybody that eats meat or wears woollen clothes or leather shoes is interested.

“There has nothing turned up around Glencoe more than has happened heretofore. The river is still rising and is full of—(Here the writer’s pen sort o’ slipped, and we cannot exactly say whether the colonel intended to write ‘ice’ or ‘geese.’—Ed. Record.)

“I have stalk to to let on shears. These stalk is all climated, and their ancestors settled in this country before Gen. Lounsberry or Col. Jewell. The stalk was raised here and is healthy and in good order. They never die with black leg or game leg or any other kind of a leg. You don’t have to feed ’em any hay. If you have a chicken or a turkey or a lam or a caf, my stalk will take care of it for you. The dry weather doesn’t affect my crop, and a wet season is all the better. All you need to start with is about twenty head, and in a couple of years you can dig about twenty dens each year. Twenty miles square is enough for one man to manage. It is easy work as all

you have to do is to gather the increase when it is ripe—in May or June. It doesn't make any difference which one you kill, for it is a well-known scientific fact that wolves are different from other insects, and that either sex can have pups.

"I furnish all the stalk and teach all you want to know; but you will have to stay with me two weeks to learn all the science, and for the two weeks' board I charge you \$15, and at the end of your time you git your diplomy as a 'wolfologist.'"

Signed
BEN CORBIN,
Superintendent of the Wolf Industry of the State of North Dakota.

CORBIN BEFORE THE LEGISLATURE.

Immediately after the committee of the whole of the house had risen yesterday, Mr. Stevens moved that the privileges of the floor be extended to Ben Corbin, "the boss wolf hunter of North Dakota," in order to give him an opportunity to explain the wolf question from a practical standpoint. The motion prevailed and Mr. Stevens was appointed to escort the famous wolf scalper to the speaker's stand. The committee was not long in finding the eccentric slayer of wolves and when he was piloted through the swing doors of the house he was greeted with cheers loud and long. In his left hand he carried a valise of uncertain age while a three-months beard protected his face from the slope's winter breezelet.

Once landed upon the speaker's stand the wolf hunter began his remarks by saying that it was probably the first time in the history of the state, when an honest man had addressed the members from the stand. (Laughter.)

"There are three kinds of wolves, ladies and gentlemen in this state, the gray wolf, the coyote and the two-legged wolf. The two-legged wolves are the county cimmissioners who knock off bounty. (Laughter.)

I have hunted wolves forty years and nine years in Dakota. I know their habits and know the great damage they do to the stock interests of the state.

The speaker closed as follows:

"Now the whole matter in a nutshell is simply this: Does it pay the stockmen better to save \$3 or \$4 in extra taxes each year for a wolf bounty and lose \$20 or \$30 worth of stock from the wolves? Does it pay the merchant to save the price of a safe to keep his money in and lose all of it the first time a burglar enters his store at night? The principle is the same. For instance, Emmons county has 600 wolves and if it takes a pound of beef a day to feed each one it costs the stockmen \$15 a day at 2½ cents a pound. Burleigh county has 800 wolves and it would cost \$20 a day at the same figures. Morton county has

1,500 wolves, or an expense to the stockmen of \$37.50 a day. North Dakota with 100,000 wolves would contribute every day beef to the value of \$2,500 to feed them. There are 296,000 sheep and 390,000 cattle in North Dakota. How long will they last?"

The number of 2-year-old steers necessary to feed the wolves for one year is 81,111 head. Thanking you, ladies and gentlemen, for your close attention and your bad behavior, I am yours as ever, Ben Corbin, the wolf hunter.

Remember, the wolf is cunning and sly and hard to catch. Novices and amateurs have no business with the wolf, unless they are first instructed in the habits of the animals and the mode of their capture. The wily brute will "laugh" at them. It takes an expert hunter to catch the wolf, and this, in plain English, he cannot be unless the state pays a bounty to reimburse and make a reasonable profit for the man who has paid an expert to teach him the secrets of the business and explain to him the "signs" left by the animals, without a knowledge of which wolf hunting as an occupation would be unremunerative.

Sheep cannot increase in a ratio of more than 2 to 1 annually, while the wolf population is augmented by from 600 to 800 per cent each year, and in a little while there will be overwhelming numbers of them unless the work of destruction is vigorously encouraged and prosecuted. It matters little to the hunters where the pay comes from, so that it comes sure; but without it, certain it is, that the necessary work of destruction will not be done at all.

Even now people have to watch their flocks in the day time even, to keep the wolves away from them.

So you see, I kill about one old wolf for every twenty young ones that I catch. While I am trying to kill the old wolf I kill 20 cubs and get \$60, and for the old one I get only \$3. So there is no inducement to kill the old wolf, for she is not worth any more to me than a young one. It would be better to pay \$10 for the old one than it is to pay for the increase. It has already gone too far, and, without a larger bounty, the wolves will be here by thousands, and you can't help it.

DOES IT PAY?

Glencoe, Emmons County, Jan. 8.—To The Forum: Does it pay to raise Russian thistle in place of Hungarian Brome grass? Or wild mustard in place of No. 1 hard? Or blind pigs in place of Poland and Berkshire? The question answers itself.

Does it pay to quarantine for scarlet fevers, smallpox, or diphtheria, to disinfect house and garments, to stay the

bubonic plague, to check and stamp out infectious diseases? Only a criminal carelessness will allow these to run riot, and become a menace, curse and death.

Does it pay to be penny-wise and pound-foolish? To save at spigot and waste at bung-hole?

Does it pay to let thousands of sheep and cattle be killed by wolves and have state and county take little or no steps to stop? Stockmen give these bloodthirsty, unsatisfiable brutes, every year, from cattle and sheep, from calves and lambs, more than the wolf bounty would amount to.

Every year the demand and supply of blood becomes greater. No man will work for no wages. Let the state and county pay enough bounty to make it an object to kill wolves, and within five years, this never-satisfied and ever-increasing appetite and loss will be, largely, a thing of the past.

Does it pay? It will pay. And the longer it is put off, the more it will cost.

BEN CORBIN.

THIS IS OUR UNCLE BEN.

Uncle Ben Corbin wants \$112 from Burleigh county for wolf scalps. The commissioners won't pay it and Uncle Ben is now after the scalps of the commissioners. And Uncle Ben is quite a successful trapper.—Fargo Call.

The gavel which the state of Iowa will present to Gen. D. B. Henderson, in honor of his being the first speaker from west of the Mississippi, will be a gorgeous affair. The wood came from Admiral Montojo's flagship, "Reina Maria Christina," which Admiral Dewey sank. There will be three solid gold plates on the gavel, one bearing Mr. Henderson's monogram, another the seal of Iowa, and another the seal of the United States. There are also plates bearing the wild rose, Iowa's flower, and a row of ears of corn will run around the ferrule. Other figures will appear also. All work is to be engraved on solid gold.

I am from Iowa. I lived in Wayne county twenty-five years. I caught my first wolves in Wayne county. The bounty was 75 cents per scalp. I hunted all over Iowa. I made \$112 off of one wolf in Sioux county; my dog pulled her tail off and she had from nine to twelve pups a year. The bounty was \$2.50 and I got twelve pups and \$30, and she lived seven miles west of Orange City, and far as I know is alive yet.

An hour of triumph comes at last to those who watch and wait, and the sign is getting fresher. It has been a long time between drinks.

CHAPTER XI.

IMPORTANT INFORMATION FOR THE FARMER.

WOLF BOUNTY.

I desire to call your especial attention to the results of the present bounty law enacted during the closing days of the last legislature. Since that law went into effect, up to the 15th day of December, 1896, bounty claims have been filed for the killing of wolves amounting, in the aggregate, to the sum of \$47,123, and warrants have been issued in the sum of \$6, 816. There is now on file claims for bounty for killing above named animals for which no warrants have been issued, amounting to \$40,307. The revenues available under the law are not sufficient to meet more than one-fourth of the claims filed annually for bounty. The result is that payment is deferred so long that the bounty claims and certificates are discounted to such a large extent that they are almost worthless in the hands of the holders and for this reason those who engage in killing these animals secure only a small per cent of the amount allowed by the state for each animal thus killed.

I am reliably informed that the principal damage to stock from wild animals is caused by the grey wolf, and would therefore recommend that all bounty laws be repealed except the bounty on grey wolves and the law be framed so as to prevent, as far as possible, frauds or the imposition upon the public officials of the hides or scalps of coyotes for those of the grey wolves. By confining the bounty to these animals alone the revenue will, in a measure, meet the demands and the hunters will receive cash for their claims and the incentive to hunt and kill these destructive pests will be multiplied by the increased cash value of their certificates.

The following from the Bismarck Tribune gives the history of the passage of the wolf bounty law in the North Dakota legislature:

House Bill 57, special tax of one-third mill for payment of wolf bounty was considered. Mr. Stevens moved to amend by striking out the amendment confining the tax to the years 1899 and 1900. He stated the deficiency in the tax of one-tenth mill for the state wolf bounty. The state was in honor bound to pay the bounty it had authorized. It had no right to repudiate the obligation it had incurred. The provision for payment of bounties was insufficient.

The state was morally bound to pay them, as any other deficiency.

Mr. Lynch said he did not think the valley counties should pay increased tax to the slope counties, when they got no benefit.

Mr. Bacon thought the stockmen on the slope should hire a few men to kill the wolves. It was a rank injustice to appropriate nearly as much for wolf killing as to maintain the largest educational institution in the state.

Mr. Chacey did not propose to support any measure that proposed to legislate in the interests of the stockmen as against the farmers.

The motion to amend was lost.

Mr. Dougherty wanted to amend the bill by a levy on personal property, but withdrew the amendment.

Mr. Lynch moved to indefinitely postpone the bill.

Mr. Hale said he did not believe the state could afford to go forth as a repudiator. The state should pay the obligations on file in the auditor's office. Repeal the bounty law if desired, but the state must pay its honest debts.

Mr. Sargent said the law was passed in good faith. The state could not afford to repudiate the debt.

Mr. Bacon did not want to repudiate—he wanted the payment of the debt to extend over several years—he did not believe in attempting to pay the debt all at once. He moved to place the levy at two-tenths mill, which was all he thought the state could afford.

Mr. Chacey said he was in favor of paying for the dead ones—no more live ones.

Mr. Dougherty wanted to know what guarantee the state would have that it would not be as badly off two years from now.

Mr. Wolbert said it was a more honest debt than the legislature had voted when it recently passed a bill making appropriations for an expense which the state had forbidden. He thought the debt should be paid and make the bounty big enough so that the man who killed the wolves should get the bounty—not have to discount to the speculator for a fraction of what the law provided.

Mr. Hare said the part of the state west of the river received not a cent from the state in the way of an appropriation except what was paid out for wolf bounty. Take off the wolf bounty—allow them to increase—and the Red River valley would be crying for bounty. The valley should help to build up the western part of the state—protect the stock industry—the second in the state.

Mr. Sanford agreed—no one part of the state should be selfish—the eastern part of the state should aid the west—the latter paid tax for institutions in the east—there should be mutual interest and assistance.

Mr. Wallace was not in favor of repudiation or anything that looked like it. Last week the state voted \$420,000

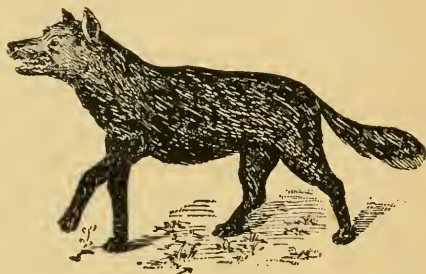
for institutions east of the river—this morning the legislature had voted the single \$1,250 that remained away from the west side. The legislature should pass the bill as it stood—follow the golden rule.

Mr. McHarg said the bill should pass as it is—pay the bounty and protect the stock, but do not put a perpetual tax on the state.

Mr. Bacon's amendment was adopted, providing for a levy of two-tenths mill.

Mr. Hale offered an amendemnt providing for the levy of the tax by the state board of equalization which was adopted.

The bill was reported to pass as amended. The bill as finally amended provides for a levy of two-tenths mill during the years 1899 to 1900.



LOOKING FOR SOME NICE \$5-MUTTON.

WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

The following table of the number of pounds of various articles to a bushel, may be of interest to our readers:

- Of wheat, sixty pounds.
- Of shelled corn, fifty-six pounds.
- Of corn on the cob, seventy pounds.
- Of rye, fifty-six pounds.
- Of oats, thirty-six pounds.
- Of barley, forty-six pounds.
- Of potatoes, sixty pounds.
- Of beans, sixty pounds.
- Of bran, twenty pounds.
- Of clover seed, sixty pounds.
- Of timothy seed, forty-five pounds.
- Of flax seed, forty-five pounds.
- Of hemp seed, forty-four pounds.
- Of buckwheat, fifty-two pounds.
- Of blue grass seed, fourteen pounds.
- Of castor beans, forty-six pounds.
- Of dried peaches, thirty-three pounds.
- Of dried apples, twenty-four pounds.
- Of onions, fifty-seven pounds.
- Of salt, fifty pounds.

TABLE OF DISTANCES.

The following table may be useful to the gardener, in showing the number of plants, or trees, that may be raised on an acre of ground, when planted at any of the under-mentioned distances:

Distance Apart	No. Plants
1 foot	43,560
1½ foot	19,360
2 feet	10,890
2½ feet	6,869
3 feet	4,840
4 feet	2,722
5 feet	1,742
6 feet	1,210
9 feet	537
12 feet	362
15 feet	193
18 feet	134
21 feet	98
24 feet	75
27 feet	59
30 feet	48

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The American Agriculturist says, to illustrate what the weekly saving, or the extra production will amount to in a single year, we select the following common items:

One egg a week, at 37c. per doz.	\$ 1.60
Two eggs a week, at 18½c. per doz.	1.60
One quart wheat a week, at 96c. per bushel.	1.60
One and a half quarts corn a week, at 66c. per bushel	1.61
Three quarts corn a week, at 33c. per bushel.	1.61
Two quarts potatoes a week, at 50c. per bushel.	1.62
Four quarts potatoes a week, at 25c. per bushel.	1.62
One cabbage a week, at 3c. per head.	1.56
One and one-quarter quarts milk a week, at 2c. per quart	1.56
One and three-quarter oz. butter a week, at 32c. per pound	1.56
One-quarter lb. sugar a week, at 12c. per pound.	1.56
One-half oz. tea a week, at 96c. per pound.	1.56
One and one-half oz. coffee a week, at 32c. per pound	1.56
One postage stamp a week, at 3 cents	1.56
One poor cigar a week, at 3 cents	1.56
Total	\$ 28.66

A practical suggestion is, that any one of the above items saved, or produced extra, will pay for the American Agriculturist a whole year, postage included.

DEMAND OUT-GROWING SUPPLY.

In speaking on this subject, the national provisioner, which is authority, says: "The cattle shortage exists. There is an effort among our ranchmen to stock up and to breed up, but the increase of population at a greater rate than the increase of the beef and swine herds, backed by the increased demand abroad for our food stuffs widens the deficiency between supply and demand." How long this condition will last is uncertain, but all efforts in this direction will hardly meet the growing deficiency in the range supply. The northwest, because of the extension of agriculture and encroachment of the sheep herds will continue to diminish its cattle ranges. The time when the territories can be used for the extensive cattle production that has for years made them so important an element of the industry can last but little longer. The area of range production must, in the natural order of things, continue to diminish, while the requirements of home and foreign consumption grow steadily larger.

"Beside these, which may be considered the normal elements of the situation, there are what may be called emergency requirements that have become of considerable importance. These are the wars of our own country and of England in distant fields where troops must be supplied largely with the products of the packing houses, which governments are learning to depend upon more and more in time of war. To this class of requirements also belongs the demand of Cuba, whose ranges and farms must have many thousands of cattle. It has been suggested that the high price of cattle would cause a development of the mutton growing industry that would lead to a considerable substitution of mutton for beef, and that pork production would be greatly increased. The fact is that there is a short supply of both sheep and hogs in the country as of cattle. The sheepmen are holding on to their herds, and there is reason to believe that not more than half as many lambs are being put on feed as went into the feed lots a year ago.

"Of course such a situation must in time develop a very much larger stock farming industry in the portions of the country adapted to it, but this, for reasons not necessary to recite, must be a gradual development and it will be some years before it can materially affect the market. In the meantime cows are going to market from some sections, and in the feed pens, which are lightly supplied this season, there are more 2-year-olds in proportion to the number on feed than ever before, and quite a large number of yearlings. Everything in the situation indicates that cattle prices are far more likely to advance than to decline, and that for many years the producer of cattle of good quality will be master of the situation.'

AN OLD-TIME WOLF HUNTER.

The following is a characteristic circular published years ago by Ben Corbin, when he lived down in Iowa. The territory or county, or both, gave a big bonus for wolf scalps, and made no difference as to age. An Emmons county man who knew Mr. C. in those days once told us that, after many payments for cub-wolf scalps, an official said: "Mr. Corbin, how is it? Your wolves are all pups. Don't you ever kill and old ones?" Ben replied with a twinkle in his eye, "Did you ever know a man to succeed in the stock business who killed all his cows?" But the following is Ben's unique advertisement:

Honesty and Fair Dealing.

Ben Corbin, of Grant Center, Iowa, is
the Only Man in the Business.

Fish, Wine, Wolves, or Land.

I have the finest location in Iowa for hunting, fishing, or drinking wine. I sell fish at 10 cents per pound and fine pure wine at \$1.50 per gallon, put up in good style and sweetened to the taste. Duck hunters, sporting men and trappers will be charged 25 cents per meal at my house; but I will give you a good, square meal.

I can, and do, catch more wolves in a month than any man living; but the money must be in sight first.

For more particulars address

BEN CORBIN,
Grant Center, Iowa.

That Benjamin was a mighty hunter in those days is shown by the annexed newspaper clippings:

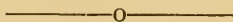
Ben Corbin of Monona county, is the boss wolf hunter, and is well known in this county. In the last three weeks he has caught thirty-eight wolves in Lyon county, thirty-six in Sioux, and five in Monona. He has hunted over this county for four years. The first year he caught in Lyon county, three; the second, twenty-five; the third, seventeen; and this year, as stated above, thirty-eight. If anybody can beat that let him come forward.—Rock Rapids Review.

Ben Corbin of Grant township, the wolf hunter, was in town on Monday last. In conversation with the Press reporter he informed the latter that he had closed his hunt for the season, having captured eighty-four wolves and two foxes. Of that number thirty-eight were killed in Lyon county, thirty-four in Sioux county, four in Woodbury, and five in Monona. While on the hunt in Lyon county he succeeded, after a sharp chase, in capturing a couple of foxes. Ben feels especially proud of his success this season, having the good luck to number among his trophies of the hunt the scalps of six old wolves, the latter number of old ones being ahead of any former season's work.—Mapleton Press.

WHEN PAPA WAS A BOY.

"When papa was a little boy
You really couldn't find
In all the state of Washington
A child so quick to mind.
His mother never called but once,
And pa was always there;
He never made the baby cry,
Or pulled his sister's hair.
"He never slid down banisters,
Or made the slightest noise;
And never in his life was known
To fight with other boys.
He always studied hard at school,
And got his lessons right;
And chopping wood and milking cows
Were papa's chief delight.
"He always rose at 6 o'clock
And went to bed at 8.
And never lay abed till noon
And never sat up late.
He finished Latin, French and Greek
When he was 10 years old,
And knew the Spanish alphabet
As soon as he was told.
"He never grumbled when he had
To do all the evening chores,
And ne'er in all his life forget
To shut the stable doors.
He never, never thought of play
Until his work was done,
He labored hard from break of day
Until the set of sun.
"He never scraped his muddy shoes
Upon the parlor floor,
And never answered back his ma,
And never banged the door.
But truly I could never see,"
Said little Dick Malloy,
"How he could never do these things,
And really be a boy."

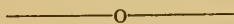
—Selected.



When growing stock you have something all the time turning into money. When crops are the sole dependence, there are seasons when everything is at a standstill, and there is no source of income. In the winter the earth is asleep while we watch the cattle contentedly feeding. If there is a sudden need of money some one of them is always ready to bring it.

THE MORTGAGE.

I am the finishing touch to the home;
I am the last requirement on the farm;
You may build ever so grandly,
You may furnish ever so richly,
You may construct ever so homely,
You may live ever so poorly,
I abide with like composure with each.
Wealth does not embarrass me;
Poverty does not discourage me,
I get into correspondence
With my environments,
And composedly put in my time.
Patience is my principal virtue;
Waiting creates my wages.
I am the invisible man
Put into the house to collect.
Those who wine and dine as guests
Do not suspect my presence;
But I chalk my daily balance all the same.
I am great on the farm.
Abundant crops do not excite me
Nor poor ones discourage me.
I am more industrious than the farmer.
Though he rises at dawn
And labors until night,
For I neither slumber nor sleep.
No matter how poorly the farmer fares,
I always farm at a profit.
If harvests are good, I have my share;
If crops fail, I live on the land.
I go deeper than drouth;
Hot winds do not blow me away;
Cyclones cannot uproot me;
Grasshoppers do not eat my substance
Or chinch bugs suck out my vitality.
I lay in the bank and laugh at the farmer's
Calamity,
And when the appointed time comes
I arouse myself and go forth,
Armed with the power of the law,
And swipe from the farmer his
House, his land, his hope.



AN OBLIGING SON-IN-LAW.

"Oh, Tom," exclaimed the bride of six months, "what do you think! Mother says she wants her body cremated."

"She does, eh?" said the husband. "Well, tell her to get ready and I'll take her over to the crematory the first thing in the morning."

GROWTH AND LIFE OF ANIMALS.

Man grows for 20 years, and lives 90 or 100 years.

The horse grows for 5 years, and lives 30 years.

The ass grows for 5 years, and lives 30 years.

The ox grows for 4 years, and lives 15 to 20 years.

The cow grows for 4 years, and lives 20 years.

The hog lives 12 to 15 years.

The sheep lives 10 years.

The camel grows for 8 years, and lives 40 years.

The lion grows for 4 years, and lives 40 years.

The dog grows for 2 years, and lives 12 to 14 years.

The cat grows for 1½ years, and lives 9 or 10 years.

The hare grows for 1 year and lives 8 years.

The guinea pig grows 7 months, and lives 6 or 7 years.

The beaver lives 30 years.

The deer and wolf live 20 years.

The fox lives 14 to 16 years.

The squirrel lives 7 years.

The rabbit lives 7 years.

The eagle lives 100 years.

Geese live 20 years.

Hens and pigeons live 10 to 15 years.

The elephant, 100 years; codfish, 14 to 17 years; eels, 10 years; crocodile, 100 years; queen bees, 4 years; drones, 4 months; worker bees, 6 months.

Periods of gestation are the same in the horse and ass, 11 months each; camel, 12 months; elephant, 2 years; lion, 5 months; buffalo, 12 months; cow, 9 months; sheep, 5 months; reindeer, 8 months; monkey, 7 months; bear, 6 months; sow, 4 months; dog, nine weeks; cat, 8 weeks; rabbit, 4 weeks; guinea pig, 3 weeks; she wolf, 90 to 95 days; the goose sits 30 days; swans, 42; hens, 21; ducks, 30; pea hens and turkeys, 28; canaries, 14; pigeons, 14; parrots, 40.

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BOUGHT WITH ONE CROP.

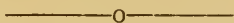
Henry Bonde of Stutsman county last summer cleared up a tidy farm with a single crop. He already owns several quarter sections but he wanted one more quarter which he was fortunate in getting by promising to pay \$800 for the land. Part of the land was broken up previously and all was put under the plow this season and the land seeded to flax and wheat. Seed flax was bought at \$1.10 a bushel and the place rented on shares. From the land was realized 1,800 bushels of flax and 500 bushels of wheat. Some of the flax was sold at \$1.19 and some for \$1.10. Out of his share of the crop and after paying half of the thresh bill and for half of the seed Mr. Bonde not only paid for the land but had \$25 or \$30 beside.

THE BEST SPEECH EVER MADE.

The Westminster Review pronounces Lincoln's Gettysburg speech as the finest that ever fell from human lips. In view of this fact, and that it is even more pertinent than it ever was, we need make no apology for republishing it. We give it below:

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived or dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who here gave their lives that the nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But in a large sense we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note nor remember long what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain—that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that the government of the people by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.



A SHEEP MAN'S PROFIT.

Says the Dickinson Press: There are few sheepmen in the country who can make a better showing for the capital invested than H. J. Schultz of this place. May 2, 1897, Mr. Schultz bought 1,930 sheep at \$2.22 per head, or \$4,284 as first cost. The same year he sold \$1,600 worth of wool from the band and \$936 worth of mutton, making \$2,536 as the first year's proceeds. In 1898 he sold \$2,100 worth of wool and \$1,353 worth of mutton, a total of \$3,553. This year his wool clip amounts to \$2,375. Mr. Schultz has not sold his '99 mutton and has on hand 2,830 sheep. Taking out the original numbers purchased, he would still have 900 on hand. His total sales of wool and mutton for the two years and three months that he has had the band amount to \$8,358, and the 2,830 sheep that he has on hand are easily worth as much more.

THE HERO'S RETURN.

He comes from distant ocean; to his native land again,
The hero of Manila—who humbled haughty Spain,
The man whose wondrous prowess will brighten history's
page—

While honor shall honor valor—till time's remotest age.
Welcome, this son of Neptune, from far Manila's wave,
"Old Glory" waving o'er him; the banner of the brave,
Columbia, greet your hero—in joyous accents tell
How you delight to honor the men who faught so well.

He comes—but not as heroes returned from ancient wars,
Who fought for spoil, or glory—beneath the flag of Mars;
The pathway of those triumphs was marked by ruined
homes,

By servile chains—by wasted plains—by fallen spires
and domes.

No thought of spoil or conquest e'er swayed this hero's
mind—

Save the spoiling of the spoilers, enslavers of mankind;
Much cause had those for sorrow—well might they rue
the day,

When first the "Starry Banner" waved above Bay,
Bay,

For never in former ages, on distant sea or shore,
Did history's truthful pages record such deeds before,
As those of the dauntless Dewey, when on Manila tide
His guns awakened the echoes, heard around the world
wide.

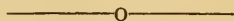
The achievement of that morning made Spanish tyrants
sad,

To those it was a warning and patriots' hearts were
glad;

The men of Porto Rico, and those of Cuba's shore.
Should hold the name of Dewey in honor ever more.
He is coming from the Orient, to his own beloved shore,
And nevermore may walk the bridge when cannons flash
and roar;

'Tis meet that in life's evening, serenely he should rest,
The victor's laurel on his brow, and peace within his
breast.

M. C. W.



Emmons county is becoming a stock shipping region. Seventy-three carloads of cattle have been shipped from Braddock on the Soo, and the total shipments for the year from there will reach over 100 cars. So far, \$75,100 has been received by ranchers for cattle shipped from that point.

CHAPTER XII.

SKETCH OF MY WAR RECORD DURING THE CLOSING DAYS OF THE REBELLION. INTERESTING EXPERIENCES.

They used to say of Gough, the temperance leader, no matter what his subject was he took water before he got done. So if you follow me, no matter where I go in this narrative, you will find me fetch up on wolves. They are my chorus and song every time.

I was on my army record the last chapter. I forgot to say that my younger brother, Isaac, served in the 9th Iowa cavalry, and was wounded and served ten months in Andersonville and other prisons. Three of my brothers-in-law also served bravely. My father was in the war of 1812, and enlisted for the Mexican war. Five out of his six sons served with the union army.

My brother Abner, a soldier, was presiding elder in the U. B. church. My oldest brother, David, was in the army of the Potomac. My brother John was in the 4th Iowa cavalry, captured, escaped and died in the ambulance near Jackson, Miss. I served in Co. F, 34th Iowa three years and was discharged at Houston, Texas.

So I am not ashamed of my record or that of my family, although we were Virginians, true blue, with blood as blue as any that ever dared fire on the flag, and I think a little bluer, and true blue at that.

Ten thousand men under General Steele left the old historic town of Pennesecola on the 20th day of March, 1865. General C. C. Andrews commanded the second division of these troops. Colonel G. W. Clark, the 34th Iowa infantry, one of the best regiments in the division. The 34th was called "The Star Regiment," not because it had the wolf hunter in it, but because its number was the same as the stars which filled the field of our flag, and represented the number of states in our union at that time. For eleven days we marched through Florida swamps, corduroying many miles of road, slept in damp clothes at night, was on half rations the last five days. Our men gathered and ate corn which had been left on the ground by the enemy's pickets, and had been slobbered over by their horses. During this time we had a number of skirmishes with the rebel cavalry. The first day of April found us opposite Blakely, Ala., at one time a town of 3,000 people, now one

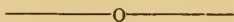
of the main defenses at Mobile. The fortifications around Blakely were circular in form, three miles long and included nine well built redoubts, armed with forty pieces of artillery and surrounded by ditches four to five feet deep. All the trees six to eight hundred yards in their front had been felled. Fifty yards out from the works were a line of abattis, and opposite some of the redoubts a second line, then 300 yards out to the front parallel with those works was another line of abattis, and behind the latter detached rifle pits. The works were manned by 3,500 of the enemy. The 2d of April was occupied in investing these works, during which operation we lost sixty or seventy killed and wounded. Hawkins' division which was composed of colored troops was on the right, Andrew's division in the center and Girard's on the left. It is supposed that ten men well protected by earth works can successfully resist three or four times their number. So instead of throwing our troops against the enemy's fortifications with great loss of life and possible repulse, General Steele determined to work up as near his lines as possible with pick and shovel, with which we were well supplied; in fact when the campaign at Mobile was commenced, General Canby in general orders, provided that one pick and shovel and one axe be carried by every twelve men. Our first intrenchments were dug a thousand yards from the enemy's works. For the benefit of our posterity, a few words, as to temporary intrenchments, may be inserted here. They are usually called rifle pits, and are two or three feet deep, the dirt being thrown on the side toward the enemy. Occassionally on top of this dirt will be placed the trunk of a tree six or seven inches in diameter. By scraping away earth from under the trunk, the enemy could be observed without exposing the heads of our men.

These trenches were always dug at night, no talking above a whisper being permitted, and no sound but that which came from digging with picks and shovels. Owing to the scarcity of these it took three nights work to complete our first line. The fourth night the supply of intrenching tools having been increased, more rapid progress was made, so that by the eighth night we had finished a second and a third line of intrenchments, the last being six feet wide and capable of holding troops in three ranks, and was 600 yards from the rebel works. The skirmishers in front of our division intrenched themselves within eighty yards of the enemy's outer line of pickets. In the meantime small forts for our artillery had been constructed along our first and second lines, and the guns of our light batteries placed in them. The enemy was not quiet while this was going on, as any exposure of our men drew his fire both of musketry and artillery, killing and wounding each day from twenty to forty. Spanish Fort, eight miles south of which had been invested March 27th by the 16th

army corps, surrendered to General A. J. Smith on the 8th and some of the guns used in its siege were immediately sent to General Steele, who had them placed in position during the night of the 8th and the morning of the 9th day of April. Five o'clock the evening of the 9th day of April was fixed as the hour for a general assault of the enemy's works. At that hour the firing of all the cannon on the lines of the second division was to be the signal for the charge. Owing to an unforeseen delay, this signal was not given until 5:30 p. m. At that hour our troops had all been formed in line of battle in the lines of intrenchments nearest the enemy, with bayonets fixed one regiment of each brigade being deployed as skirmishers. Along the front of its brigade intrenchments, breathlessly they waited the signal to move forward. The silence was interrupted only by an occasional shot from a rebel picket. The waiting and suspense was a sore test of courage. Some tried to conceal their anxiety by an effort to appear reckless, careless and whispering jokes and puns, pretending they enjoyed it immensely; others, more serious, gave their comrades messages to be delivered to loved ones at home in case they fell. The countenance of none indicated that he feared the approaching contest. While all dreaded it, they were impatient for the battle. With the crashing of the signal guns our first line of skirmishers leaped from the trenches and with yells rushed forward 150 yards, while the second line with loud cheering soon joined them, and all rushed forward together. Now every cannon the enemy had on his line, and every rifle, poured forth their deadly missiles on our men. A tempest of bullets, pieces of bursting shells, canister and grape whistle about their ears. They were met by deadly, unseen and unknown dangers in sunken torpedoes, which, when trod upon, exploded, stripping the flesh from their legs and wounding terribly. Fallen trees, abattis, and wire stretched along the ground impeded their way and exposed them longer to the enemy's fire. No reply was made except by our artillery, which pounded away over our heads. In fifteen minutes we had surmounted all the obstructions, climbed their works and given them the bayonet. They fell backward, and dropping their guns, threw up their hands in token of surrender, and our work was done. We were victorious, but 654 of our men, who an hour before were joking and laughing with each other had been laid low. In these fifteen minutes our losses were greater than those on our side in the four revolutionary battles at Lexington, Bunker Hill, Trenton and Bennington. We captured 3,423 prisoners, forty pieces of artillery, besides small arms. The enemy's loss in killed was probably a third as much as ours. General Steele reached the works soon after the capture, and in his squeaky voice exclaimed: "I knowed you'd do it! I knowed you'd do it!" Those were glorious moments. There are few such in a

life time; victory had crowned our efforts, the end for which days of toil and nights of wakings had been passed was quickly and gloriously accomplished. At half past three this same afternoon, Lee, at Appomattox had surrendered to General Grant and the war was virtually over two hours before our charge. On the 14th of April our regiment entered triumphantly into the city of Mobile; 100 guns were fired in honor of this event and glorious victories reported from all quarters. The war was over—the union saved; and all, all, by the boys in blue and the boys in blue alone.

Mobile, city of 25,000 before the war, was reduced at this time to about 12,000. While the regiment was still rejoicing over the great victories, and as we were steaming up the Alabama river, we received a signal announcing the assassination, on the 14th of President Lincoln and Secretary Seward, causing a great revulsion of feeling from the highest exultation to deepest sorrow. On the 24th we landed at Selma, Ala., where we remained in camp a few days only. We returned to Mobile where we remained, performing light guard duty, awaiting developments until June, when the division under command Gen. C. C. Andrews sailed for Galveston, Texas. Feeling that the war was closed and our contract filled, the movement was very provoking and gave rise to much complaining from the boys. We arrived at Galveston and soon after proceeded to Houston, Texas. Our regiment marched through the streets of the old historic town, the first army of free Yankee soldiers who had ever trod the soil of that region. The dwellings were closed, curtains drawn, the women of that city having sworn never to look upon the Yankee. They closed and barred their doors and windows. But it is historically true and should be so recorded, that before the 34th left Houston, many of these ladies smiled sweetly upon the boys in blue, and the leading spirit of them all married a Yankee soldier, and now lives happily with him in Chicago; others became the wives of many union soldiers. Our stay in Houston was in many respects comfortable and pleasant, but all were eager, and anxious to return to their homes. We did not leave Houston, however, until the 17th of August, 1865, when the regiment was mustered out of service, and returned to Iowa to peace, rest and home. I would like to tell more but have not the space, and here ends my military history and my twelfth chapter.



Soak your corn in a solution of saltpetre. It destroys the worms, is not relished by crows or squirrels, and yields much more abundantly than when planted without.

CHAPTER XIII.

MY NINE YEARS EXPERIENCE IN WOLF HUNTING ON THE MISSOURI SLOPE. TESTING THE BOUNTY LAW IN THE COURTS. MY FIGHT WITH COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

Part of the minutes of the board of county commissioners of Burleigh county, N. D., held March 6, 1896.

"On motion the petition of W. H. Bratton and thirty-one others, and C. A. Burton and twenty-three others for bounty on wolf scalps be granted and the bounty fixed at \$2 per head."

Part of the minutes of the board of county commissioners of Burleigh county, N. D., held April 6, 1897.

"On motion it was resolved that from and after this date the county will not pay any bounty on wolf scalps."

I, W. S. Moorhouse, hereby certify that the above is a true copy of the proceedings of the board of county commissioners of Burleigh county, N. D., from April, 1891, to November, 1898, as far as they relate to wolf bounties.

Witness my hand and official seal this 19th day of November, 1898.

W. S. MOORHOUSE,

County Auditor.

It will be remembered that this bounty was put on according to law and was taken off contrary to law, for the law said when a petition signed by twenty-five stock raisers and taxpayers was presented they shall put on a bounty not less than \$1 nor more than \$3, and they owe me \$112. I need the money for the reason that they took off the bounty illegally and against the will of the taxpayers. At the time they took off the bounty, April 6, 1897, there was not over 300 wolves in the county. Today there are 2,704—females, 1,352 and with five to the litter, makes 6,760. Then add the old wolves and we have 9,464. So you see at \$2 bounty for old wolves, \$5,408, and the increase at \$1 each, \$6,760, makes a total of \$12,168. So you see in order to beat me out of \$112 they have beat the taxpayers out of \$12,168 and still have the wolves left. Two-legged wolves help these farmers out and feed them on beef and mutton at 18 cents per pound.

STATISTICS IN BURLEIGH COUNTY.

	No.	Value	Average
Horses 1-year-old	557	\$ 5,570	\$ 10.00
Horses 2-year-old	367	6,339	17.00
Horses 3-year-old	2,502	65,691	26.00
Stallions	9	1,350	150.00
Cattle 1-year-old	2,410	24,100	10.00
Cattle 2-year-old	1,474	20,636	14.00
Cattle 3-year-old	3,268	55,576	17.00
Work oxen	2	50	25.00
All other cattle	197	4,925	25.00
Mules and asses 1-year-old	17	306	18.00
Mules and asses 3-year-old	11	440	40.00
Sheep	8,847	15,485	1.75
Hogs	516	1,478	3.00

Number of old wolves, 2,704; increase, 6,760; total, 9,464. Number of females, five to the litter, 1,352. Wolf tax levy, \$432.93. Number of wolves killed in 1899, 150.

Real property, \$2,164,632; personal, 513,376; railroad, \$257,981; total valuation, \$2,935,989. State appropriation for wolf bounty, \$587.19. Square miles, 1,662. Wolves in county, 9,464. Wolves to each section, five and a half.

Now hear the tone of the Mandan Pioneer. Morton county is the home of the wolf. They are raised in Morton county and the county never pays any bounty, and she is overrun with wolves. The damage done to stock and poultry in Morton county alone would pay \$10 per head for every old wolf in the county. There is no way that you can help yourself, for you have let the matter run too long. I told everybody four years ago that without a larger bounty they would be there by the thousands and you can't help it. I can catch hundreds of young wolves, but I can't shoot and trap but a few old ones. Gray hounds are the best thing, but I am too old for that. Have your gray hounds and stag hounds and have an extra team and a swing door to let the hounds out at the right time and put on a decent bounty for the hunter.

From the Mandan Pioneer: The stockmen of this community are confronted with a serious problem concerning the means to be employed in getting rid of the large grey wolves which are playing such havoc with young stock. These wolves have increased during the past year in such numbers as to cause serious losses to many of the ranchmen. Such a vigorous hunt is being made for them in South Dakota and eastern Montana that they are driven to this section of the country where owing to the small bounty offered for their hides it does not pay hunters to make a business of shooting them. In some instances these wolves have been so bold in their search for young meat as to drive the cattle into the ranchmen's corrals. They prefer to kill their own meat and like it best when

warm and will devour the hind quarters of a colt and leave the rest to rot on the prairie. They seem to single out stock less than a year old but in some cases have been known to kill 2-year-old colts and cattle. One ranchman living on the Cannon Ball lost six head in one night. They will travel twenty miles in order to secure a particularly choice meal. The question of how to exterminate these beasts is quite a serious one with the ranchmen and one that is being discussed with a view of taking the best possible action.

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STATISTICS OF MORTON COUNTY.

	No.	Value	Average
Horses 1-year-old	1,115	\$ 11,150	\$ 10.00
Horses 2-year-old	1,395	32,715	17.00
Horses 3-year-old	4,030	124,824	26.00
Stallions	20	3,000	150.00
Cattle 1-year-old	7,202	72,020	10.00
Cattle 2-year-old	6,036	85,252	14.00
Cattle 3-year-old	3,703	148,307	17.00
Work oxen	2	50	25.00
All other cattle	1,383	34,575	25.00
Mules and asses....	9	360	40.00
Sheep	25,800	45,150	1.75
Hogs	1,849	3,147	3.00

Number of sections in Morton county, 2,916. Number of old wolves, 4,040; increase, 10,100; total, 14,140. Wolves to the section seven. Wolf tax levy, \$579.44. More two-legged wolves. This time five in place of three. Morton county has five county commissioners. On the 6th day of April, 1897, Burleigh county took off the county bounty and then I had to extend my wolf farm farther south to Beaver creek and give up the south half of Burleigh county. I told my son, Charley if he would go to Morton county and get signers enough I would pay all expenses, so he did and got thirty-six of the biggest stockmen in the county signers. I sent in the petition and the board would not allow the bounty. Notwithstanding the law says they shall put on a bounty (it don't say they may but says positively they shall put on a bounty) not less than \$1 nor more than \$3. So you see what the two-legged wolves know. The county commissioners nabor the wolves at the expense of your pocket, while they fill their own pockets.

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Complaints come from Wyoming that wolves are more than usually destructive to cattlt there; and from several other western states, even Minnesota, that wolves are more prone to attack young cattle than formerly; or in other words that they seem disposed to vary their diet of mutton with occasional morsels of beef.

FROM THE RECORDS OF THE OFFICIAL PROCEED-
INGS OF THE BOARD OF COUNTY COMMISSION-
ERS OF EMMONS COUNTY.

"In Book No. 1, on page 296: Meeting of the board of county commissioners held July 6, 1891. Present, Hy Van Beek, chairman; George H. McLain and Dugald Campbell, commissioners. Benj. Corbin handed in a petition signed by over twenty-five stock raisers of Emmons county, praying that the board offer a bounty on wolves killed within said county, and in accordance with an act approved March 11, 1891, the board allowed a bounty of \$1 on all wolves or coyotes killed in the county."

The above petition was handed in to the county commissioners on April 1, 1891 and not allowed until July the 6th. By this time the cub wolves were big as old wolves, and now state bounty and county bounty certificates were 60 cents on the dollar and the law says the bounty shall not be less than \$1 nor over \$3. Here the county board should bide faith at a low ebb. Nevertheless I never caught a wolf that year, but went right on hoeing in my garden, and catching catfish at 5 cents per pound. Catfish is great brain food and I had to do this to cope with the county board, and being the first of April, third day (on page 396, Book No. 1) of meeting of the board of county commissioners of Emmons county. All members of the board present. Benj. Corbin presented a petition with thirty-four signatures asking the board to increase the bounty on wolves from \$1 to \$2. On motion the petition was granted and on all wolves killed on or after April 1, 1892. This time I called for \$2 and got it. I soon learned that I had to do the work and knew better what it was worth, and at this time I caught eighty-one wolves in thirty-five days, over three a day. The bounty was \$4, \$2 county and \$2 state, discount, 25 per cent.

"In Book No. 1, page 457: Meeting of board of county commissioners of Emmons county held April 28, 1894. All members of the board present. A petition signed by the requisite number of stock raisers, praying the board to grant a bounty of \$2 on each wolf scalp was presented. On motion the board fixed the bounty to be paid for wolf scalps at \$1 each."

On notice being given through the county record that hereafter the county won't pay any wolf bounty—still the wolf record showed that the wolf bounty never had been recorded as talked of, and on the face of the above petition the board fixed the bounty at \$1.

Little did they think that a copy of wolf record would ever be called for and they could levy this for their own

use. The petition was for \$2 and got \$1; called for bread and was given a stone. Now here's the tone of the next meeting, April 2, 1895. This is the first time on record shows where the bounty ever was taken off.

"In Book No. 1, on page 517: Meeting of board of county commissioners held April 2, 1895. All members present. On motion it was resolved by the board that the bounty of \$1 heretofore paid for wolf scalps be discontinued from and after this date. In Book No. 1, on page 521: Meeting of board of county commissioners of Emmons county held April 2, 1895. All members present. On motion the county auditor was authorized to refuse to issue a certificate of indebtedness to Edward Abbott for bounty claimed for wolf scalps and allowed March 2, 1895, for the reason that said affidavit is believed to be fraudulent."

It will be remembered that this Edward Abbott was the man that shipped the wolf scalps in from Chicago and was putting them off on several counties and was caught and sent to the pen for three years.

"In Book No. 1, page 545: Meeting of board of county commissioners of Emmons county, N. D., held September 2, 1895. Present, Geo. H. McLain, chairman; William Margach and Franz Wolf, commissioners. Ben Corbin appeared before the board, claiming that the county bounty on wolves was illegally taken off, and asked that his taxes for 1893 and 1894 be abated on account of the wolves caught by him since the bounty was taken off. The board refused to grant his request. In Book 1, page 568: Meeting of the board of county commissioners of Emmons county, N. D., held January 6, 1896. Present, William Margach, Franz Wolf and Alex. MacDonald, the latter having duly qualified. William Margach was elected chairman. Benj. Corbin appeared before the board with a written opinion from the Hon. Attorney General, and requested to be paid the bounty of \$1 on wolves killed by him during the year 1895, the attorney general expressing the opinion that the commissioners, having placed the bounty on wolves in accordance with section 1, chapter 71, laws of 1891, could not rescind their action, and the board in conformity thereto, allowed Mr. Corbin the amount of \$80.

In book 1, page 572: Meeting of the board of county commissioners of Emmons county, North Dakota, held January 6, 1896.

The question as to whether there is at present any county bounty on wolves was referred to the states attorney for his opinion."

You will see by the above that on January 6, 1896, the county board got so badly mixed that they could not tell whether they had any wolf bounty or not, and then applied

to the state's attorney to know if they had any county bounty. Attorney never answered. Great set of officers.

"In book 1, pages 584, 585, 586 and 587: Meeting of the board of county commissioners of Emmons county, North Dakota, held February 28, 1896.

Petition signed by twenty-five stockraisers of Emmons county praying for a bounty on wolves, was presented. On motion the board placed a bounty of one dollar on all wolves killed in Emmons county from March 1, 1896.

Meeting held—evening session. The question of bounty

Mr. Benjamin Corbin appeared before the board with a petition signed by forty-six signers, praying for a bounty of \$2 on young wolves, and \$3 on old ones. Mr. Dugald Campbell addressed the board on the subject, also Mr. H. A. Armstrong.

Moved by Commissioner MacDonald that a bounty of \$2 on young wolves and \$3 on old wolves be paid by Emmons county. Not seconded.

Moved by Commissioner Wolf that a bounty of \$2 on all wolves killed in Emmons county be allowed. Not seconded.

Meeting held—evening session. The question of bounty on wolves was further considered.

On motion of Commissioner Wolf, the following resolution was moved and carried:

Resolved, That an additional bounty of one dollar on all wolves or coyotes killed within the county of Emmons by residents thereof, between April 6, 1896, and January 1, 1897, be and hereby is added to the county bounty already existing.

Resolved, That a further bounty of one dollar on all full grown wolves or coyotes killed as aforesaid prior to the Fourth of July, 1896, be added to the \$2 bounty above provided for.

In book 2, page 100: Meeting of board of county commissioners of Emmons county, North Dakota, held April 5, 1898. All members present.

Benjamin Corbin presented a petition to the board signed by twenty-five citizens of the county, asking that the county commissioners place a bounty on wolves in conformity to section 1566 of the Revised Codes of North Dakota.

On motion the following resolution was adopted:

That whereas, Benjamin Corbin appeared before the board with a petition signed by the requisite number of stockraisers of the county, praying that the present bounty of one dollar on wolves be increased to the sum of two dollars.

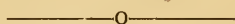
Resolved, That after due consideration of said petition, considering the financial condition of the county, it is deemed inadvisable to further increase the drafts upon the treasury by an increase of the bounty on wolves, said petition is hereby rejected."

I then laid my bill before the county board for \$195 just denied me on account of the wolf bounty which had been illegally taken off. The county board then refused to pay the same for the following reason: As following bill of Benjamin Corbin for \$195 bounty on wolves was rejected for the reason that during the period covered by this bill a county bounty of only one dollar was allowed on each scalp presented to the auditor. As I had gone according to law, and the county commissioners hadn't got a word of law by which they had any show to cut the bounty down.

The county commissioners, or rather Emmons county, to test the law whether the county commissioners had the right to cut off the bounty agents, the will of the taxpayer and the stockman. I have paid all of the costs, about \$25, and it is a test case and was all turned over to Judge Winchester last November and the county commissioners were to have thirty days. It has been over a hundred days and they haven't sent in their briefs yet. I have paid all the costs, so their share is all in, and I can whistle. They will hear the whistle, however, and that soon. The election comes off this fall and their name is Dennis.

I have now shown by the wolf record that the county board could not tell whether they had any county bounty or not, and as word had gotten out again that the county board had taken off the bounty again, so the stockmen rustled 25 signers for a bounty, and so the board at their meeting February 28, 1896, placed on a bounty of one dollar. I had sent a large petition calling for \$2 bounty and the county board knew that I had a petition so they slapped on one dollar bounty to head me off. And lo and behold my man S. A. Hawks had not delivered my petition. I then waited until their regular meeting held April 6, 1896. I then rustled forty-six of the heaviest taxpayers to my petition, calling for \$2 on young wolves, and \$3 on old wolves. It is over twenty miles from Glencoe to Williamsport, and on the appointed day I hitched to a two-horse buggy and laid up my petition. This only lacked four signers of being twice as many as I needed. I buckled on the breast plate of righteousness and was shod with the whole armor of God, and when the board met and I spoke to one of the board that I had a little matter that I wished to call their attention to in the shape of a decent wolf bounty. So they said they would listen to me. So I pulled out my petition and like the old women in the army I told them that it came from heaven's authority. So I handed my petition, signed by forty six of the biggest taxpayers in the county, and stock raisers, and told them if I was down in Iowa I could borrow money on that petition. I only had to talk about one hour. I told the board the amount of damage they had done in the last year, how my sheep and calves were destroyed, and the families along

the river had all their chickens and turkeys all killed, and packed off by the wolves until there wasn't a chicken left to make broth when one of the family was sick, and that the women did not have a dozen eggs to sell to get a calico dress to wear for her or the children, and were obliged to stay at home on account of not a decent dress to wear to church. And without a larger bounty the wolves would eat up all the stock until there would not be any left to levy a tax on to raise the money to pay the county officers their salary, and we would not be bothered with county officers, for if there was no stock to levy a tax on to pay the county officers now none would want a county office, for it was the money that they were after and that is the reason they want the wolf hunter to catch the wolves and board himself—for that reason they wanted all the money themselves, and how none would want an office only for the money. About this time they thought I was right and Mr. Dougald Campbell, Emmons county, biggest stockman in the county, addressed the board in my favor and also Mr. H. A. Armstrong addressed the board in my favor, who was the county attorney at that time. I then told them if they did not give me \$2 for young wolves, and \$3 on old wolves, I would not pick up my Winchester. They might keep their wolves, it would only be a few years until it would cost the county \$10,000 to kill all the wolves in the county. So they finally allowed me the above bounty, \$2 for kids and \$3 for old ones, and at the present there are 2,208 and the increase is over 6,000 and at \$2 bounty. Eight thousand three hundred and twenty-eight wolves at \$2 per head makes a total of \$16,656. Now not only Emmons county, but the whole state is in the same boat.



STATISTICS OF EMMONS COUNTY.

	No.	Value	Average
Horses 1-year-old	906	\$ 9,060	\$ 10.00
Horses 2-year-old	1,487	25,279	17.00
Horses 3-year-old	2,205	57,840	26.00
Stallions	18	2,900	150.00
Cattle 1-year-old	3,953	39,629	10.00
Cattle 2-year-old	3,157	4,198	14.00
Cattle 3-year-old	4,232	71,944	17.00
All other cattle	569	14,225	25.00
Mules and asses	22	592
Sheep	20,160	25,280	1.75
Hogs	1,078	3,210

Number of wolves, 2,208; females, 1,104; increase, 5,520; total, 7,728. Number to section, five; killed in 1899, 350. Amount paid in wolf tax, \$225.

CHAPTER XIII,

WOLVES WILL SOON OUTNUMBER ALL OTHER ANIMALS COMBINED IN THE STATE.

There being 1,207,500 wolves in North Dakota, and allowing two pounds of beef per day at 5 cents per pound (less than market price) to feed them it will take to feed them for one year 881,475 steers of 1,000 pounds each, worth \$44,070,750. The wolves will outnumber all other stock after July 4, 1900.

If there should be no future increase of wolves in three years they would eat meals at the above figures, to the value of \$132,212,250, considerable more than the total valuation (\$114,334,428.) of the state.

If each man kills 100 wolves it would take 12,075 men to kill the present wolf crop in one year. During the three months after May 1, 1900, 862,500 young wolves are born, or 9,583 per day.

If 50,000 wolves are killed this summer, next year (1901) at their rate of increases, there will be 5,208,750 wolves at large in North Dakota.

There was in North Dakota in 1899, 233,547 horses; 306,784 cattle; 3,907 mules and asses; 265,247 sheep; 58,657 hogs; grand total of 868,142 animals.

There is a time for all things; a time to catch the young wolves, and let the old ones go because you can't help it. Corbin's system is the best for killing more than all the rest. The shortest way to trap a wolf is to decoy the wolf with a scent, and not with a bait and at the same time have your poison and trap where the wolf as any other animal will find both. While he is hunting for the scent, for this secret alone a charge of \$1, and will not tell it for less; it is worth \$50 to a wolf hunter.

In the year 1898 the wolf crop was 100,000; 50,000 were females, five to the litter, was 250,000; 7,000 was killed, which left 343,000 for 1899. Now we have this 343,000 to start on for the banner year, 1900, one-half of this number are females, which is 171,500 increase, and five to the litter makes 877,500; old ones, 343,000; total, 1,220,500.

AN INTERESTING TRIP.

The story of my trip is this: John Yegen told me that he would pay me \$5 if I should kill a female wolf that had been raising her young on his turkeys, etc. So I went there, camped out, as usual, found her den, but failed to catch her that time. So I dug out her cubs; looked them over with a hunter's eye, and figuring accurately as astronomers do on an eclipse, I saw that she would return to that den and replenish it again on the 6th day of May following. So promptly at that time next season I was there.

At a glance I saw the dog wolf sneaking off, and I knew the mate was not far away. So I grasped my Winchester, and at the same moment the female ran out of the den and I shot her. Performing the Caesarian operation, I soon had the cubs, as yet unborn. There were four of them alive and kicking, and using the appliance used for delicate babies, I soon had four likely little pets and I then went to the den, dug it out and found two more pups, six in all. I laid them down beside their dead mother for their first meals and this is according to Scripture, "although you may be dead you yet shall live." I then loaded them in the wagon, as the county commissioners had just taken the county bounty off. I saw my chance to place it back on again. I drove to the capital city, Bismarck of course, bought a rubber tit, and a pint of sweet milk and kept them on the bottle for three days, drove around the town with the outfit in the wagon, showed it up in good shape, got about thirty men to sign my petition to place the bounty back on; thirty men such as Judge Winchester, I. P. Baker, Joseph Hare, Mr. Patterson and many others, and I also had a decision of the attorney general that they could not rescind the order when once put on by petition signed by twenty-five stock raisers. Still they didn't restore the bounty.

Whenever the wolves are seen as near after the 20th of April in certain localities, or often heard howling nights and mornings for ten days or more, it is a sure thing that they are living close by, and that is the place to go to look for the den, or their nest as some folks call it, and although you may not be able to find it, it is on that quarter section all the same. If it is rough land and water they probably filed on a reservoir claim. If it is a valley it is a hay claim, and they have taken it to hide their cubs in when they leave the den about the 1st of July. If it is a rough and stony piece of land they have taken it for a pre-emption and are only holding it for breeding purposes, and when you go to look for the den go on horse back, or in a buggy. Never go in a wagon, the rattle of the wagon scares them away and they will go off on some high hill and lay down and watch you and you wont never see them but they are watching all the same.

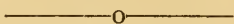
In looking for the den when you know by the sign that the den is close by this kind of sign, first new den dug and wolf tracks on the den, fresh tracks in bare places, and fresh beds in high grass, a fresh bed in a little brush thicket, and the birds nests just broken up and the eggs sucked, and where they have a calf leg or sheep legs, or where they have just dug out a piece of meat that they have had buried. These are sure signs that the den is close by and you ought to see one or both of the old wolves by this time; but it may be that they have seen you all the time. But the best sign is to see one or both of the old wolves sneaking around and if they bark at you that is a sure sign that the den is close. Now if you can't find them go back in the evening or early in the morning with a ten-foot pole in your buggy, and your dog tied to the end of the pole, and drive in a circle and the closer you get to the den the closer to the wolf, as wolves will come to you. But don't shoot until you find the den for this is the way I make the old wolf tell me where her kids are, but if she jumps your dog shoot her or him as the case may be, for the den is close, and you can then find it anyway. Sometimes the den is on nice level ground. Sometimes they go in a washout. Sometimes in the rock, or if you are in a timber country they have them in a hollow log, or a hollow tree, or hollow stump. They have them in a tree-lap on the ground. Sometimes in a small brush thicket. Sometimes on the highest hill they can get. Other times down in the hollow.

I would ten times rather go in and show you how I find them than to attempt to describe it on paper.

The true sign is this, after May 10th, in North Dakota, you will find fresh dens cleaned out; one wolf will have as many as fifteen or twenty dens cleaned out for two weeks before they have their pups. I commence to hunt about the 10th of May, but about the 1st of June is the best time to find them with little work, because the cubs by that time has played probably fifty yards from the den and their path is easy to see, and very often the cubs are around the den, when you might get your eye on them; but as a general thing they never come out of the den until just about sun down, and when they are a month old the grass is all trampled down and worn off smooth around the den. There will be a lot chicken wings, and duck wings lying around the den, and a calf leg here and a sheep leg there, and swing them on the corners. The wolf breeds once a year and lives to be 20 years old.

PSALM OF DAVID.

1. The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want.
2. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters.
3. He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.
4. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.
5. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.
6. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

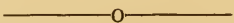


BIRTHS AND DEATHS IN 1900.

The 1900 census show that the population of our country will not be found to exceed 75,000,000.

The fact that a baby will be born every twelve seconds during 1900, shows that 2,475,000 fresh citizens will be added to the country in 1900. At the same time of course, people will continue to die. To keep up their departure the passing bell must toll every twenty-three seconds, ushering 1,350,000 Americans out of the world during the twelve months.

Every twenty-four seconds, however, a marriage will occur, and it is a comfort to know that five cradles will be supplied with occupants every minute in the twenty-four hours throughout the last year of the nineteenth century.



FROM CATTLE TO SHEEP.

Wyoming is fast becoming the sheepmen's country, and it is only a question of a few years when they will possess the state. Only five firms in the western portion still range cattle there. All the country south of Rawlins has been given up to the sheepmen, and firms that formerly ranged cattle have been forced to change their holdings into sheep. One cattleman says he is surrounded by sheep, but, having purchased a large tract of country from the Union Pacific, he has succeeded in holding his range. The business is being overdone in that section, and there is a disposition on the part of some of the sheepmen to sell and get out, and it is probable that a large number of sheep will be thrown upon the market this season.—National Stockmen.

A BRIEF SKETCH OF MY LIFE.

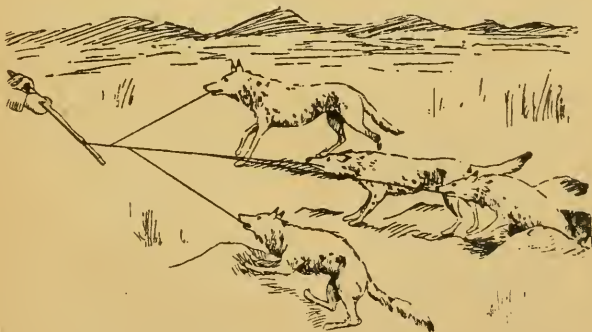
I was born in the state of ignorance; immigrated to the state of starvation, and have made a good living since. learned to read, buying newspapers while in the army; learned to count, counting wolf scalps since I have been in the business; and learned to write signing mortgages.

BENJAMIN CORBIN, Glencoe, N. D.

COYOTE.—A carnivorous animal (*canis latrans*), allied to the dog, found in the western part of North America—called also prairie wolf. Its voice is a suapping bark, followed by prolonged, shrill howl.

GRAY WOLVES.

The stockmen of western Nebraska, South Dakota, Colorado and Wyoming are having a vast amount of trouble with gray wolves, which are very numerous and so destructive to cattle that they intend to have a convention to talk the matter over and see if some plan cannot be devised for ridding the country of the pests. Irrigation Age tells that in western Nebraska these pests are particularly numerous. The losses are increasing yearly, and the stockmen say that the gray wolf is becoming as great a curse to north-western Nebraska as the jack rabbit is to Australia.



Mr. Bryan has developed other strong qualities which tend to add to the detestation in which he is held by the republican press. In Texas recently he went with a party of Texas rangers on a hunt and lassoed a panther. And now the venal republican press insinuates that the panther was the pet of a citizen of Austin, and that Mr. Bryan was imposed upon. Nevertheless, in tackling the brute Mr. Bryan showed his courage. There are plenty of pet varmints in Washington who will have to hunt their holes or be strangled when Mr. Bryan becomes president and starts out with his lasso.

To make your hens lay perpetually. Give your hens half an ounce of fresh meat, chopped fine, once a day, while the ground is frozen, and they cannot get worms or insects; allow no males to run with them, and they will lay perpetually. Try it.

They also require plenty of grain, water, gravel, and lime.



STOCK FARM SCENE IN EMONS COUNTY.





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